PONSONBY.

Fuggi 'l sereno e 'l verde;
Non t'appressar ove sia riso e canto,
Canzon mia no, ma pianto:
Non fa per te di star fra gente allegra,
Vedova sconsolata in veste negra.
Il Petrarca.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PONSONBY.

CHAPTER I.

My boy, the unwelcome hour is come,
When thou, transplanted from thy genial home,
Must find a colder soil and bleaker air.

COWPER.

In one of the northern counties stands the venerable mansion of Clare Hall. This was formerly one of the best houses in England; but, having been uninhabited for many years, it has gradually fallen into decay, and is now almost inaccessible, from the long grass and thistles that choke up

the way. The high trees which surround it, afford a safe shelter to rooks, the only remaining inhabitants. The gardens and pleasure-grounds are overrun with weeds; and a few rose-trees, that here and there force their way amidst thorns and briars, are the only sign they ever were in a state of culture. Every thing about this spot has an air of ruin and desolation.

Nearly thirty years ago Mr. Ponsonby resided on this estate, which had been in his family for a length of time. After the death of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, he withdrew to this retreat with his sister and his son Henry, thinking that a country life would suit his declining health and broken spirits, better than the hurry and dissipation of London. Here he had devoted himself to the

education of his child, till he reached his eleventh year. The avidity with which Henry grasped at all kind of knowledge, was a source of inexhaustible pleasure to his father; and, as his faculties gradually unfolded themselves, he perceived with delight that his was a mind of no ordinary stamp; that he had powers of understanding, which, with proper cultivation, must infallibly lead him to that distinction, of which he already seemed ambitious. When he read the lives of heroes and great men, his cheek glowed with youthful admiration; and he longed to be a man, that he, too, might distinguish himself. This enthusiasm, the source of all that is great and noble in human actions, Mr. Ponsonby was unwilling to check: yet, when he saw the ardour Henry displayed on all occasions,

he trembled for his future happiness. His feelings were acute, and so sensitive, that the lightest touch could wound them. But this delicacy of feeling, which made it impossible for him to hurt any one by word or deed, continually exposed him to suffer from the inattention of others. The slightest reproof melted him into tears: the sight of cruelty, or oppression of any kind, worked him up into a frenzy of indignation—yet his temper was gentle and tractable In truth, this keen sensibility was the only point in his character which ever gave Mr. Ponsonby a moment's uneasiness; and he endeavoured, by all the means in his power, to counteract the bad effects that might result from it. He thought his removal from home would be of great use for this purpose, and he re-

solved to send him to a public school, that he might have the advantage of associating with boys of his own age, and avoid the inconveniences which frequently arise from an education carried on entirely under the eye of a father. It required some fortitude to put this resolution into practice. He must give up his only companion; for his sister, a woman of very limited understanding, could be none to him. His walks, his studies, must henceforth be solitary. These were selfish considerations, which could not influence his conduct in any degree; and the violent grief Henry shewed upon being informed that he was to leave his father, and to be sent to school, convinced him more and more of the necessity of such a separation. His next step was to communicate his intention

to his sister. This was no easy task. She had not much natural understanding; and, on the present occasion, the warmth of her heart prevented her making use of the little she possessed. When Mr. Ponsonby informed her that he intended to send his son to Eton in a few days, her surprise and grief were unbounded. She declared she had never heard of such a thing as a father's sending his only child to school. She was sure Henry could not live from home—he would die if Mr. Ponsonby sent him away; and then, what would become of her? In answer to these expostulations, her brother endeavoured to reason with her, and to shew her the wisdom of his determination. This was impossible. Arguments she could not comprehend; and when he descanted upon

the advantages of a publick education, he raised such a confusion in her ideas, that she was farther from understanding him than she had been at the beginning of the conversation. To all his reasoning, her only answer was, that "she could not have thought of such a thing;" and he soon left her to make up her mind to her loss as well as she could.

The day before Henry went to school, he put in order his garden and his little library, and walked into the village to see the poor people he was accustomed to visit. All were sorry to part with him, for he had been kind and generous to all. But no one was more sorrowful than Benson, an old servant, who had lived with him since his birth. Had he been his father, he could not have loved him better; and he had got leave

to go with him to Eton, to see him comfortably settled there. The morning of his departure, as he was reluctantly packing up his young master's clothes, and the tears stood in his eyes, Henry said to him, "Benson, don't look so unhappy. Papa says there are a number of boys at Eton; and I dare say I shall find a great many friends amongst them."——"That you will, Master Harry; no doubt of that. You'll find friends enough wherever you go. But, somehow, I never thought you would leave us; and I must be sorry for that. However," continued the good old man, "you'll be coming home for the holidays; and before that time I shall have put a great many new plants into your garden. I shall count the days till you come home again, and shall be thinking of

nothing but what I can do for you."

As he said these words, they heard the carriage drive up to the door; and after Henry had distributed some of his money among the servants, and taken leave of his great dog Pompey, he went down stairs to breakfast with his father.

Very little was said on either side. Now that he was to part with him, Mr. Ponsonby could not help feeling he was an only child; and the sight of Henry's face, who was vainly striving to stop the tears that fell in torrents down his cheeks, affected him so much, that he found it difficult to conceal his own weakness. "Come, my dear boy," said he, "the horses are waiting; and you must go. Remember all I have said to you; and let me hear from you very often."

Saying these words, he led him to the carriage; and Mrs. Ponsonby followed. Henry stepped in; "God bless you, God bless you, dear boy," they both exclaimed; and the carriage drove off.

Mr. Ponsonby retired to his study, not to read, but to think of his son. As he passed through Henry's bed-chamber which led to it, the deserted appearance of the room, the sight of all his childish possessions, his rake, his spade, his little garden-shoes, which he had heaped together in a corner, brought tears into his eyes. There was a stillness in the house, which sufficiently shewed that he who had enlivened and animated it, was no longer there. Mrs. Ponsonby, finding herself unable to get through the first day of Henry's absence with tolerable comfort, went to pay some visits at

Burford, a small town in the neighbourhood of Clare Hall.

When she returned home she found that Mr. Ponsonby had received a letter from Mr. Hamilton, who offered to spend a few days with him in his way to London, whither he was going with his daughter Julia. The prospect of seeing his old friend gave Mr. Ponsonby real pleasure. Julia, whom he had not seen since she was grown up, had, as a child, been a particular favorite of his; and he rejoiced in this opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with her. The intelligence was by no means equally agreeable to his sister; who, though she had never seen Miss Hamilton, had imbibed a strong prejudice against her, because she had been told by some of her friends that she was a blue-stocking. Mrs. Pon-

sonby had endeavoured to persuade her that she had been misinformed; but there was something so persevering in Mrs. Ponsonby's nature, that, when once an idea had got into her head, scarcely any earthly power could get it out again. He saw she was disconcerted at the thoughts of the intended visit, and said to her, "My dear sister, I cannot understand why you have taken such a dislike to Julia. Really, this violent prepossession against a person you are unacquainted with, is very uncharitable."—"Oh brother, though I never saw her, I have heard a great deal about her. I have been told she's so conceited that she thinks nobody worth speaking to. To be sure it's her father's fault for stuffing her head full of learning; and what will she do with it after all? She won't

get a husband one bit the sooner for all her reading. For my part, I like young people to be young people; and I never saw any good come of those out-of-the-way kind of girls. But I remember when she was a child, she was always a great favorite of poor dear Mrs. Ponsonby."

Mr. Ponsonby had never alluded to his wife since her death; and this abrupt mention of her name grated harshly on his ear. He said no more; and, taking up a book, read during the remainder of the evening.

CHAPTER II.

Changes will befall, and friends may part,
But distance only cannot change the heart. COWPER.

THERE is perhaps nothing more melancholy than the meeting of two old friends, who lived with each other in their youth, whom time and accident have long separated, and now have brought together again. Their outward form has suffered a considerable change. The shining lock has turned to grey: the lustre of the eye is dimmed. But this is the least remarkable alteration. The strongest affections, the most deep-rooted opinions, have yielded to the influence of time; and scarcely a remembrance is left that they ever were entertained. In re-

calling the names of their former companions, they find, that death has made havock among some; that those, of whom they once formed the highest expectations, have disgraced themselves; that others, whom they despised, have risen to distinction and pre-eminence. Thus, every thing changes—every thing decays.

The last time these friends had met, it was to rejoice over the birth of Henry. Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby were then planning out for themselves years of future happiness, which were to be devoted to the education of this beloved object. Since that time their dearest ties had been broken asunder. Each had lost his chosen companion; and had been left alone, to watch over the helplessness of an infant child. They had both delighted to perform

the duties of a father; and they were rewarded for their parental care by seeing the success which attended it. Henry was still very young; but he was ingenuous, mild, and generous; and discovered talents and virtues of most excellent promise. Julia, at this time, had just reached her twenty-second year. She was possessed of an uncommon share of beauty. Her complexion was brown; but enlivened with a most brilliant and animated colour. Her eyes were dark, piercing, strikingly beautiful, and reflected all the virtues of her soul. Her features were regular: her countenance was lovely. She had an understanding superior to that of the generality of women or men; but there was an engaging sweetness in her manner, which softened her talents, and prevented

their exciting envy, or fear. She had peculiarly the art of adapting herself to the understanding of the person with whom she conversed. She could be playful with the gay, and serious with the grave; and, by this happy versatility of talent, she was pleasing to all. There was a delicacy in her character, which made her shrink from general observation; and, while her feelings were acute, and her sentiments upon all subjects in which the heart is concerned, in the highest degree exalted, she was considered by many as a cold, philosophical person. This reserve influenced her conduct in other points. She seldom displayed her talents and acquirements, except to those who knew how to appretiate their value. Then, all her reserve vanished; and her ideas and conversa-

tion were inexhaustible. One of the most remarkable features in her character was a total absence of selfishness. To promote the happiness of those she loved, she would have been capable of any sacrifice; and as she joined to this disinterestedness, a peculiar mildness and gentleness of disposition, those who knew her, loved her; those who lived with her, adored her.

I have dwelt long upon the character of Julia. I wished to paint her in the happiest years of her life—when she was young, gay, and beautiful.

Mr. Hamilton and his daughter arrived early the day after Mr. Ponsonby had received the letter announcing their intention of paying him a visit. He welcomed them with the warmth of a friendship, which time

and absence had not chilled. He was very much struck with Julia, whom he had left a pretty engaging child, and whom he now found grown up into a beautiful and interesting woman. As they had only travelled a few miles on that day, Mr. Hamilton, soon after his arrival, proposed a walk to his friend, as he wished to converse with him alone; and they went out together.

After Mr. Ponsonby had spoken for some time of Henry, and had explained the motives which induced him to send him to school, Mr. Hamilton opened upon the subject nearest his heart.

"I have long wished," said he, "to speak to you of Julia; and of the change which is going to take place in her situation. For some time an attachment has subsisted between Mr.

Arundel and her. She became acquainted with him when we were staying at Tunbridge. He was very much struck with Julia the first moment he saw her; and as his attentions have succeeded in gaining her heart, I have given my consent to their union. Yet, I cannot say it is a match which gives me much pleasure. It is an old fashioned idea in a father who has but a small fortune, to object to a man who has five thousand a year, for any reason whatever. But money will go very little way towards ensuring happiness, if other circumstances do not contribute to it. It is not an easy thing to judge of the real character of a person who is in love. Every man, at such a moment, is careful to place himself in the most favorable light. He will affect sentiments he does not

possess; and enter into pursuits for which he has no taste. This, I fear, has been the case with Mr. Arundel. He has been spending the last month with us, previous to his marriage, which is to take place in London. During this time he has accommodated his opinions and ideas to those of Julia. Yet, through all his endeavours to appear every thing that is amiable and estimable, I have frequently observed in him a lurking selfishness, and a want of principle, which make me fear his character is not that which I should wish the husband of Julia to possess. I have heard from some of his companions, that he has led a very gay and dissipated life. They have added that he has a good heart; and is very much in love with Julia. But I have not lived in the world more than sixty

years, without having found out how many other requisites are necessary to secure happiness in marriage after the first six months. Certainly no two minds can have less similitude than those of Julia and Mr. Arundel. It was always my favorite wish, to see her united to a man whose understanding would enable him to be her companion and guide. It once was her's; and she then thought it would not be possible for her to be happy with a man, whose mind was inferior to her own. But love has strangely altered her ideas; and she now talks with pleasure of moulding Mr. Arundel's character to suit her's. I fear she will be disappointed in these expectations. Mr. Arundel will never be remarkable for any thing but playing well at billiards, hunting, and

shooting. He has a very prepossessing manner; and the power of making himself agreeable in conversation, at least for a short time. These qualifications, joined to the devoted attachment he has expressed for her, have won Julia's heart; but I am so persuaded he is unable to appretiate the treasures of her mind, that I am inclined to regret I have cultivated it beyond that of most women. Those acquirements which I designed should promote her happiness, may now tend to destroy it."

"Your fears," answered Mr. Ponsonby, "will, I trust, prove groundless; though I must allow they are not entirely without foundation. The education of women is liable to so many doubts and difficulties, that I have frequently rejoiced I had only a

son, and was not, therefore, obliged to consider the subject in its various points of view. It would appear, at first sight, that the improvement of the faculties implanted in us, by the highest degree of cultivation, could never be detrimental to the happiness of a rational being. This, I think, when applied to men, does not admit of a question; but, in regard to women, it is more doubtful. As long as a woman remains unmarried, the more numerous are her resources, the more agreeably and profitably she will be enabled to spend her time; but after she is married, her happiness must so much depend upon having a companion who is suited to her, that it seems hazardous to increase the difficulty of her finding one. You have given Julia a degree of instruction beyond that

which falls to the share of almost any woman. Thus you have enabled her to be a companion to yourself; but have you not unfitted her for being the companion of the greater number of men? There are, no doubt, many men, whose happiness would be secured, by being united to a person of so superior an understanding, who could enter into all their pursuits. But when one considers how numerous is the class of ignorant, illiterate men, it is no unfair calculation to say, there is not one man in fifty who would know how to value her."

"My dear friend," said Mr. Hamilton, "there is some truth, I fear, in your observations. We daily see instances of marriages, in which an inequality of understanding between the parties has been productive of

much unhappiness. A man is formed to guide, not to follow; and when he is incapable of it, disorder is introduced into the marriage state, and the order of things is reversed. A woman of a very strong mind will seldom submit to be governed by a man, whose understanding she knows to be inferior to her own; but there is a gentleness in Julia's disposition, which, I trust, will prevent her suffering from this inconvenience. Besides, her attachment to Mr. Arundel is such, that it will blind her, in a great degree, to the disproportion between them: at least, I am willing to hope so, as the case is now beyond remedy. Had Mrs. Hamilton lived," he continued, with a sigh, "we should have assisted each other in the education of Julia; and the inconveniences which may now

result from my having had the sole direction of it, might have been avoided. But as this was not permitted, I have endeavoured to discharge the duties of a father as far as it lay in my power; and have devoted all my time and thoughts to the only object for whose sake I still wish to live. I instructed her in the dead languages, because I wished her to read what I read, to admire what I admired. I had no fear that this knowledge would make her vain and pedantic. A woman who is conceited because she understands Latin, would have been equally so had she understood only French or Italian; and I should indeed consider that my system of education had entirely failed, if I discovered in Julia the miserable vanity of wishing to display any knowledge she may possess. This ostenta-

tion of learning in a man is unpleasing; in a woman it is insufferable; whose virtues should be of a retired nature, and who should wish rather to conceal than to obtrude her knowledge, unless when occasion and circumstances naturally draw it forth. I had, besides, another reason which induced me to prefer the system I have adopted. The human mind will not remain unfurnished. If it be not stored with useful ideas, it will soon be filled with fantastic follies. There is a health of mind as well as of body. The petty jealousies, the despicable vanities, and foolish trifles, which engross the minds, and occupy the time of many women, are chiefly to be imputed to a neglect in their education, which has disabled them from engaging in higher pursuits. Their thoughts, which cannot be inte-

rested in subjects that are rational and instructive, must necessarily turn to those which are vain and unprofitable. It has been likewise supposed that the style of reading in which women commonly indulge, which is that of novels and poetry, has a tendency to soften their hearts, which are, in general, but too accessible; and to nourish a kind of sickly sensibility, which unfits them for performing the duties of life, and leaves them more exposed to its misfortunes. I wished, therefore, to strengthen Julia's mind, and to harden her heart, which I saw was too tender for her happiness, by a course of reading that would keep her faculties in full play, and oblige her to exert all her powers of understanding. I cannot say I have succeeded in this object as I could wish. Julia's feelings are

so acute, that when she has married Mr. Arundel, her happiness will be entirely at his disposal. She loves him with the most ardent affection. If he continue attached to her, she may be happy: if he neglect her, she must be miserable."

As he said these words, they were met by Mrs. Ponsonby and Julia; and the conversation took a different turn.

Mr. Hamilton and his daughter remained a week at Clare Hall. During this visit, Julia so completely rooted out Mrs. Ponsonby's prejudice against her, that she declared she had never seen such a charming young woman; and she determined to take the first opportunity of informing her friends they were entirely mistaken in supposing that Miss Hamilton was proud and conceited. Julia had endeavoured,

in every way, to make herself agreeable to Mrs. Ponsonby. She had talked of all that could interest her. She had been informed of almost every circumstance which related to Henry since his birth. The warmth of Mrs. Ponsonby's affection for him pleased her; and the many amiable traits she heard of him, interested her very much in his behalf. The day before her departure, Mr. Ponsonby mentioned to his sister that Miss Hamilton was going to London to be married. Then, an inexhaustible field of inquiry was opened to her. "Was Mr. Arundel tall or short, dark or fair? Where did he live? What was his fortune? How many servants did he keep?" These, and many other questions, were repeated over and over again; and she only regretted she had not heard of

the intended marriage before, that she might have had more time to inform herself of every particular relating to it.

In the evening she and Mr. Ponsonby were made happy by the return of Benson, who informed them he had left Henry very comfortably settled at Eton. After Mrs. Ponsonby had heard that he seemed happy, and looked very handsome in his new clothes, she began to feel more easy about him.

The next morning Mr. Hamilton and Julia set off for London.

CHAPTER III.

Thou art to be a father and a mother to her, and a brother; and great reason, unless the state of marriage should be no better than the condition of an orphan. For she that is bound to leave father, and mother, and brother, for thee, either is miserable like a poor fatherless child, or else ought to find all these, and more, in thee.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

THE marriage of Julia took place soon after her arrival in London. The parting was a bitter pang to Mr. Hamilton. It was no ordinary affection that had subsisted between them. All their thoughts, all their pursuits, had been in common. Julia had never wished to conceal any feeling from her father. In him she had found a friend, who shared and rejoiced

in all her pleasures, and would have comforted her under any affliction; but while she lived with him she knew no sorrow. Now, the moment was come when he must part with his beloved companion; not to bestow her upon a man of whom his heart approved, but upon one, who he endeavoured to think would make her happy; yet whom he could not cordially like. Hereafter he must be satisfied with holding the second place in her heart. A person who has been accustomed to be a first object, will always feel it unpleasant to sink into a secondary one; however his reason may convince him that it cannot be otherwise. When Julia came into the room, it would be no longer to look for him. When she read, it would not be with the idea of communicating to

him any passage which pleased her. When she was absent, he would not be the chief object of her thoughts. She would now live for Mr. Arundel, who would be every thing to her; and he would be comparatively nothing. These thoughts, and his fears for her future happiness, prevented his feeling any correspondent emotions of pleasure, when he was congratulated joyfully by his friends upon the great match his daughter was going to make. Julia saw that her father was not partial to Mr. Arundel, that they did not suit; and this occasioned the first unpleasant sensation that had ever arisen between them. There is no feeling so agreeable as that which is excited by hearing the praises of a beloved object. It is a mixed sensation of benevolence towards the speaker, of approbation of

his taste and judgment because they coincide with our own, and of self-satisfaction in having had the discrimination to appretiate that merit which others acknowledge. On the other hand, if we hear a person speak with slight or dislike of this object of regard, though we may repeat, that it does not signify what he thinks, that this is only a fresh proof of his want of taste, that his abuse is rather creditable than otherwise, he will still have the power of exciting in us very disagreeable feelings, however meanly we may think of his judgment upon all subjects." It was, therefore, very natural that Julia, who had been accustomed to reverence her father's opinions, should experience much dissatisfaction in observing how little real cordiality subsisted between him and

Mr. Arundel. This produced a degree of reserve between them; and when she was alone with her father, she no longer laid open all her thoughts to him without disguise as she had formerly done. She was thinking only of Mr. Arundel; and she knew her father could not enter into her feelings for him. He had forgotten how powerful he once thought the charm of a pleasing manner, joined to an appearance of acute feeling, and to the profession of ardent attachment; and he could not understand Julia's partiality for a person he thought so inferior to her in all respects.

After the ceremony was performed, Mr. and Mrs. Arundel set off for Clanmore, a small place which belonged to Mr. Hamilton, not many miles distant from London. As he took leave of

them, and pressed their joined hands in his, he blessed them fervently, and said in a trembling voice, "Mr. Arundel, I have indeed given you a treasure. If you tell me so ten years hence, I shall be a happy father." Mr. Arundel assured him, with all the confidence of a lover, that he could never cease to adore her. He thought so then; and had he been told that the moment would ever arrive when he would no longer love one so angelic in mind and person, he would have treated such an idea with contempt, as the dream of folly and ignorance.

Mr. and Mrs. Arundel remained six weeks at Clanmore. The hours flew swiftly away. Mr. Arundel was so engrossed by his love for Julia, that he considered every thought an intru-

sion, of which she was not the object. He listened with delight to the little anecdotes she related to him of her childhood, which had been passed here. He visited, with an interest equal to her own, the place which had been the scene of her infantine enjoyments. He delighted to walk where she had walked when she was a child; and to hear her describe the sensations she had felt, and the trifling events that had happened to her, in different spots. Every thing she did, every thing she said, charmed and interested him. While this illusion lasts, it is indeed happiness. It is a state not made for continuance. If it were, this world would be a paradise.

It must not be supposed, that, during this time, Julia was forgetful of her father. Far otherwise: she thought

with regret of his deserted situation; that he had no companion in his walks, no arm to rest upon; and, when he returned home, no one to welcome him: that his meals were solitary; and, when they were over, he had no Julia to sing and play to him, and to while away the hours till he retired to rest. She wrote to him frequently; and after they left Clanmore, they went to pay him a visit at Stanley, a small place, where he had lived many years with Julia. The sight of Mr. Arundel's devotion to her, had a powerful effect upon Mr. Hamilton. He began to think his prepossession against him unfounded; and Julia saw with pleasure, that the attention Mr. Arundel shewed him for her sake, had considerably altered his feelings towards him, and that he was gaining ground

daily in his regard and good opinion.

Mr. Hamilton had been of late in indifferent health; and he was advised to try a change of climate. Julia could not bear the thoughts of allowing him to go alone into a foreign country; and it was settled that she and Mr. Arundel should accompany him, and spend two years in making a tour through France, Italy, and Switzerland. Julia was delighted with the thoughts of visiting countries, of whose beauties she had heard so much; and of becoming acquainted with the manners and customs of different nations. Mr. Arundel saw very little difference between one country and another. The pavement of Bond-street was a more pleasing object to his eyes than the Alps or the Lake of Geneva. But he

felt pleasure in gratifying Julia's wishes; and while she was with him, he could be happy in any place. Besides, every body went abroad; then, why should he not do so likewise? Mr. Hamilton was happy in having Julia with him, while he visited countries so interesting to every person of taste and learning.

At the end of two years they came back to England. Mr. Hamilton returned to Stanley; and Mr. Arundel took a house in Grosvenor-square. Mrs. Arundel's beauty and talents soon became the theme of universal admiration. To be invited to her parties, was considered as one of the most desirable objects in life. Her house was the resort of the learned and the ignorant, of the wise and the foolish. Men of literature were delighted with

her powers of conversation, and with the interest she took in the objects which occupied their time and attention. Those who never opened a book, were equally fascinated by her accomplishments, and the charms of her manner. There is one branch of knowledge which all men possess, however deficient they may be in other points. They all understand the difference between an ugly, and a pretty woman. Those who would have disliked her for her talents and information, forgave her these in favour of the beauty of her eyes, which, it must be confessed, pleaded powerfully for her.

Among the men of talents who were attracted to her house, there was no one whose conversation was so agreeable to her as that of Mr. Mordaunt. Though there was a very considerable

disproportion of age between them, for he was past forty, he had formerly been a lover of Julia's; but as he found he was not acceptable to her in that light, he had gradually subsided into a friend. He was a man of a pale, sickly complexion; whose health had been considerably injured by midnight studies. His manner was calm, mild, and unassuming. His works upon moral and philosophical subjects, were in very high repute; and, satisfied with being learned, he had no wish to appear so. His conversation was equally agreeable to the young and the old; for he had not confined his acquaintance to books, but had extended it to men and women. This knowledge of the world polished his manners, and enabled him to converse with ease and cheerfulness upon any topic of the day, however trifling.

In his conversation with women, he suited himself to their understanding, whatever it might be; and, while he was careful not to obtrude his knowledge upon those who could not value it, he was always willing to impart it to those who would receive it with pleasure: not like some men, who think it necessary, when conversing with a woman, to apologize, with an air of superiority, for being too deep, if inadvertently a little sense has found its way into their conversation. The human mind is perhaps incapable of a higher gratification, than that which it receives from an interchange of ideas with a man of this description. Our faculties seem to expand themselves. We exert all our powers of understanding; and, while we impart our thoughts without the fear of ridicule

or contempt, we have a consciousness of improvement from this intercourse with a mind whose superiority we willingly acknowledge. But, alas! such beings are seldom to be met with. There is almost always some alloy in the pleasure we derive from the society of literary men. Julia experienced this frequently. Many learned men who were introduced into her house, were far from being pleasing to her. As if they had wished to depreciate the value of their information, by shewing how little power it gave them of being agreeable in society, and thus to reduce themselves to the standard of ordinary men, they affected peculiarities of manner and character which rendered them very disagreeable.

Mr. Arundel was very fond of music; and Julia had frequent musical parties,

in which she bore a principal part, as she sung and played with superior skill. The society which she assembled, was of so mixed a kind, that it was suited to every taste; and Mr. Arundel contrived to spend his time very pleasantly. His manners were particularly gentlemanlike and pleasing; and he had a kind of vivacity, which enabled him to make himself agreeable to his guests. He was still as much attached to Julia as he had ever been; and his admiration of her rose higher as he saw the estimation in which she was held by all his acquaintance. His vanity was flattered at hearing his friends say, that no one did the honours of her house so well, or dressed so becomingly, as Mrs. Arundel. Julia's attachment to him increased daily, as she found him all affection to her. Had they lived a re-

tired life in the country, and she had, therefore, been obliged to depend upon his society as her only resource, she might, perhaps, have found out his deficiencies. But this not being the case, she never perceived there was any thing wanting in him. She had soon grown completely tired of crowded assemblies, where nothing is to be done but to force a way from one room to the other by shoving and pushing all one's acquaintance; to ask questions to which one does not want an answer; and to give answers to those who will hardly wait for them. She, therefore, confined herself chiefly to the society of those whom she received at her own house; and, with the joint assistance of books and conversation, her time was spent in a manner very agreeable to her taste.

Thus some years passed away.

CHAPTER IV.

To see the soul increase in vigour and wisdom, and in every good quality, when health, strength, and animal spirits decay; when it is to be torn by violence from all that filled the imagination and flattered hope, is a spectacle truly grand and instructive to the surviving. To think that the soul perishes in that fatal moment, when it is purified by this fiery trial, and fitted for the noblest exertions in another state, is an opinion which I cannot help looking down upon with contempt.

STEWART.

TEN years had now elapsed since Henry first went to Eton; and the only remarkable occurrence that had taken place in that time, was the death of Mrs. Ponsonby. During his stay there, he was considered as a boy of uncommon talents, who would infallibly rise to distinction. He was admired by all his school-fellows for the

manliness and energy of his character; and beloved by the younger boys for the gentleness of his disposition, as those who could not defend themselves always found in him a friend and protector. From Eton he went to Cambridge, where his abilities, ripened by time and cultivation, secured to him the same pre-eminence. High hopes were there entertained of his future success in life; and his amiable and ingenuous character will be long remembered with affectionate regret. He had now reached his twenty-first year, and was preparing to leave College, when he was suddenly summoned to Clare Hall, by an account of his father's increased indisposition, which made him anxious for his immediate return home. Mr. Ponsonby had long been in a declining state; but he was

not accustomed to complain; and this forbearance, joined to the habit of seeing him unwell without there being any cause of alarm, blinded Henry to the real state of his father's health. His complaint was now ascertained to be water on the chest; but he had not communicated this to his son, and had contented himself with saying, that he wished him to return without delay, as his illness was considerably increased.

When Henry arrived, he was very much shocked at his father's altered appearance. He had shrunk to half his natural size; his cheek was blanched; his eye was sunk. Notwithstanding his sanguine disposition, Henry was greatly alarmed; but he could not bear to own it even to himself; and when Benson sometimes said to him, "I'm afraid, sir, my poor mas-

ter is very bad," he would treat his fears with affected carelessness, as those of timorous old age. This was a very natural feeling. When we are conscious of being alarmed for the health of one we love, we cannot bear to see our fears confirmed by those of others. We endeavour to stifle them, and affect a security which has the appearance of indifference; and, in truth, arises from too deep an interest. Henry, sensible how deeply his happiness was concerned in his father's recovery, would not admit that it was doubtful. He felt more than others; and therefore expressed less. Mr. Ponsonby had long given up all hope of recovery; but, till his opinion of himself were confirmed by that of his physician, he would not impart it to Henry. He determined to have a conversation

with Dr. Fleming, and to ascertain what he really thought of his state.

The next day Dr. Fleming called; and Mr. Ponsonby, having sent Henry out of the room, said to him, "I know it is a common practice to conceal from a sick person the knowledge of his danger, under the idea it might increase his disorder. In some cases this may be a wise measure. But, in regard to myself, I must entreat you to let me know the truth without disguise. Do you think there is a possibility of my recovery? Or do you think, as I do, that I must inevitably die very shortly? Be not afraid to speak the truth. I fear not death." Dr. Fleming, with much hesitation, informed him, that, unless a very material alteration took place, he did not think it possible for him to live long; that the nature of his

complaint was such, it might kill him at any moment, or he might linger for some little time.

After this conversation, Mr. Ponsonby thought it would be cruel to deceive Henry any longer, and to add to his future sufferings by filling him with vain hopes; besides, by delay, he might lose the power of giving him his last advice. He therefore resolved to take the earliest opportunity of breaking the truth to him, though he felt it a most painful office. He had often wished to do it; but, whenever he seemed inclined to touch upon the subject, Henry with eagerness hurried to some other topic, and would not let him go on.

Some hours after Dr. Fleming had left him, he expressed a wish to visit his garden; and he was carried thither

on a sofa. It was a beautiful summer's evening. The soft air perfumed with the fragrance of flowers, fanned his sickly form. The birds from every bush were pouring out their farewell song. Every thing was harmony and peace. The sun was setting with refulgent light; and as he threw his parting rays on every object far and near, Mr. Ponsonby was struck with the thought that he admired their brightness for the last time. He sighed to think, that, before that sun set again, he might be a cold, inanimate corpse.

"Henry," said he, as he extended his hand to him, "I have long wished to speak to you." Henry saw he was preparing to say what he had so often dreaded to hear. He would have stopped him; but he could not speak; and burst into tears. "My

dearest boy, will you imbitter my last moments by giving way to a sorrow I cannot alleviate? Will you lose in unavailing grief the few hours that are yet left to us; when I may still impart to you my thoughts and wishes?" Henry endeavoured to compose himself, and to exert all his fortitude, that he might not agitate his father by the vehemence of his distress.

"During the time we have lived together, I cannot remember an instance in which you disregarded my advice, or thwarted my wishes. What a comfortable reflection this will be to your mind when I shall have left you! You know not how necessary such a consolation becomes, when death has put it out of our power to make any reparation to those we love. Recollect

that I assured you in my last moments you had been every thing to me my heart could wish; and do not hereafter reproach yourself with fancied instances of neglect and inattention, which can have no foundation but in the too great susceptibility of your character. I wish to warn you against this feeling, which is very common in those whose minds are too tender for their happiness; and from which I have suffered. While I lived with your mother," continued he, sighing, "I thought that I valued her as she deserved; that my life was but one constant endeavour to make her happy. Since I have lost her, I recollect, with bitter regret, many opportunities of shewing my affection to her, which I disregarded; many occasions of gratifying her, which I did not seize.

Perhaps this self-reproach is a weakness; and that the acuteness of my sorrow has made me exaggerate to myself what others would consider as trifles. In your case these feelings must be unreasonable. I have never before mentioned your mother's name to you. I wished to avoid a subject so painful to me; and time has rendered sacred the silence I imposed upon myself. Yet I would not quit this world without leaving some remembrance of her impressed upon your mind. Five and twenty years ago, on this day, she blessed me with her hand. Even at this hour, when I am preparing to rejoin her, never again to be separated, I cannot recal what she then was, without emotions of a most painful kind. To tell you she possessed every endearing quality

of heart and mind, would be to give you but a faint idea of a being so exalted. There was a charm diffused through all her actions, which I have never since seen in any other woman. To a distinguished superiority of mind, she joined a heart that was all love and tenderness. This was the being who promised to live but for my happiness. It was a blessing I little deserved; and which I could not be permitted to retain. While she remained with me, every duty was a pleasure, every exertion was enjoyment. When she left me, I understood that there could be no more happiness for me in this world. She had made me unfit to live with others; for, when I recollected what she had been, every other being sunk in my estimation. I have had another mo-

tive in laying open my heart to you, and shewing you the wound it has received; that you may be convinced I can never be happy here, and that the grief you must feel for my loss will be selfish. In most people it would excite surprise, that, after a lapse of many years, my feelings should be so alive to the loss of this dear object. I have constantly avoided any allusion to her; and many may suppose that all recollection of her is banished from my mind, as though she had never existed. But, should it be your lot to be united to a being who is worthy to possess all your affection, whose heart is entirely your's, and, after years have cemented your union, to see her torn from you for ever, you will, I fear, understand that this is an affliction over which time has little power. By the aid of

religion, and with the hope that hereafter we shall meet again, I have succeeded in restoring calm to my mind. For your sake I have been contented to live; and, for the same reason, I would have wished that my existence had been prolonged a few years, till your character had acquired more firmness and stability. There is a warmth and ingenuousness in your disposition, joined to an acuteness of feeling, which in youth is peculiarly attractive. These qualities will endear you to the benevolent and virtuous; but they will lay you open to the attacks of the artful and designing, who may make use of them as a handle to work out your ruin. Remember we are born for high purposes, for action and exertion; that our reason is given to us that we may control our feel-

ings, and not suffer them to exercise dominion over us, and disable us from discharging the duties of life. Let the recollection of all the advice your father has given you with the most affectionate love, sink deep into your heart, and shield you in the hour of danger. And now, my dearest child, as it is, perhaps, the last time I may be permitted to address you, if ever I have suffered a harsh word to escape my lips; before I part from you, let me entreat your forgiveness!" As he uttered this, his countenance changed; he fell back, and expired.

Henry hung over the body of his father in speechless agony; and with difficulty would suffer it to be removed. For many days he would scarcely taste any food; and wandered day and night about the house,

unable to quiet his thoughts, or calm the anguish of his soul. After the funeral had taken place, he began to be more composed, and to be able to think over his loss. It was irreparable. Other connexions might be formed; but where again could he find in one being a friend, a companion, and a guide? Affection had been the means which Mr. Ponsonby employed to attract him to every thing that was good and virtuous. He had not governed him with the stern authority of a tyrant; but with the gentle persuasion of love and affection. To him Henry had looked up as a bright example of all he ought to be. It had been his pride to emulate the virtue which he saw displayed throughout his actions. He could not recollect an instance in which his father had been actuated by base and selfish

motives. Integrity and benevolence had guided him through an unspotted life. What power must such a father have over the mind of his son! and, after his death, what a recollection will he leave behind! The ties of blood can never alter the nature of right and wrong. These are immutable, and cannot depend upon the relationship in which a person stands to us. After the age of childhood is passed, and our moral sense points out to us the essential difference between good and evil, if a father be desirous to retain the esteem of his child, he must be careful to practise those virtues which will entitle him to it; and to avoid those vices which must excite his contempt, if his mind be not perverted. Let him prove to his child that rectitude and justice are

the guides of his conduct, and he will obtain over him the most powerful influence one being can have over another—that of affection, respect, and reverence. But if he ever suffer his child to discover that he can be actuated by passion, or sordid interest, possibly he may love him,—he never will respect him.

These ideas had influenced Mr. Ponsonby's conduct towards his son; and he had reaped the benefit arising from them; for Henry looked up to him as a being of a superior order. How poignant, then, were his feelings of regret, when he found himself solitary in his home, with the consciousness of his loss pressing upon him! Every object recalled his father's image forcibly to his mind. His unfinished writings, his books with marks

left in them, were scattered upon the tables; and seemed to indicate his absence was but temporary. Henry could scarcely persuade himself that these were the only vestiges of his existence; that he himself was laid in the earth, and never would come again. How difficult is it for our mind to grow accustomed to the idea that those, whom affection and the strong habit of intercourse have linked to us in the closest bonds, are gone from us for ever; that no revolution of years, no change of seasons, will again restore them! How intolerable is the thought that all our dearest ties must thus sooner or later be dissolved! that those without whom we now think we could not exist, will one day leave us to stand alone, and no longer have any share in our plans and projects! We form connexions which

we seem to think are to last for ever. Death will not suffer us to continue long in this delusion; and strikes the blow that breaks them all asunder. Then our grief is violent; and we think we cannot endure to live. Afterwards we yield to the influence of time and dissipation, and the memory of those we have loved gradually fades away; though sometimes, in the midst of our pleasures, the thought that they are mouldering into dust, while we are talking, laughing, and dancing, will cross our minds, and give us back a touch of former sorrow. But in this forgetfulness we shall all one day share. When we see ourselves surrounded by friends, to whose happiness, almost to whose very existence, we seem necessary; we can hardly be persuaded that the time will come

when we shall be separated from them, and our image be blotted out from their remembrance by new objects and favorites. Yet this has been the fate of those we have lost; and assuredly will be our's. They have left us—and we are preparing to follow.

CHAPTER V.

Il est un Dieu; les herbes de la vallée, et les cèdres de la montagne le bénissent, l'insecte bourdonne ses louanges, l'éléphant le salue au lever du jour, l'oiseau le chante dans le feuillage, la foudre fait éclater sa puissance, et l'Océan déclare son immensité. L'homme seul a dit: il n'y a point de Dieu.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Henry remained at Clare Hall six months after his father's death; during which time he scarcely saw any one, as his spirits were not sufficiently recovered to allow of his mixing in general society. After his affairs were settled, he found himself in possession of an unincumbered estate, which secured to him an income of fifteen hundred pounds a year. When time had softened his affliction, he began to feel

the want of some society suited to his taste, which he could not find in the neighbourhood of Clare Hall. He therefore determined to go to London, that he might become acquainted with some of his numerous connexions. Before he left the country, he proposed to pay a visit to Mr. Mordaunt, the gentleman formerly mentioned as one of those who lived much at Mr. Arundel's house. He had found that his health would not permit him to continue in London; and he had taken a small house one mile from Burford, in a very pretty situation. It was with considerable reluctance he withdrew into the country; as he quitted a society in which he was courted and admired, and he had formed no connexion that might have rendered retirement agreeable to him. He found

himself entirely unsuited to his neighbours, whose thoughts were occupied in business, and from whose society he could receive no pleasure. Henry was the only person in the neighbourhood whose conversation interested him; and he had invited him frequently to his house. This invitation he had not felt inclined to accept, while his mind was so afflicted, that he could think and talk only of his father. When we are grieving for the recent loss of one we love, the only availing consolation which can be offered to us, is that which arises from religion. We like to dwell upon the virtues of those we have lost; to indulge the hope that they have their reward; and that, if we follow their steps, and act, as they acted, from the

dictates of conscience, and the precepts of religion, we shall be again united to them in another state. These are the feelings natural to every religious mind; and they were those of Henry. But he was aware that Mr. Mordaunt considered these hopes but as idle dreams, the result of a system built up by the cunning and deceit of the artful, that they might make use of it as a tool to work upon the minds of the weak and ignorant. Therefore, whenever he was betrayed into the expression of his ideas concerning a future state, he was obliged to check himself; for, though Mr. Mordaunt never endeavoured to wrest from him those hopes which he himself did not entertain, he saw plainly by his silence, that he considered him

as one who had filled his mind with vain expectations, but whom it would be cruel to undeceive. Mr. Mordaunt, adorned with all the talents which give dignity to human nature, and all the moral virtues that do honour to humanity, had yet brought himself to think that these rare endowments of heart and mind had been given to him but to pass some few years in this state of perturbation and disquiet; and that, after he had escaped from thence, he would be annihilated body and soul. What a lamentable sight to behold this dark cloud drawn over one whose breast glowed with every noble feeling, and whose mind raised him to such proud pre-eminence above his fellow-creatures! He was not a happy man; though there was a calmness in his nature which preserved him from

acute suffering. His health was very indifferent, and frequently disabled him from pursuing his studies. His speculations upon various subjects had gradually led him into a state of infidelity; and, instead of promoting his happiness, his researches had tended to destroy it. They had enabled him to find out the insufficiency of all enjoyments here; and they had deprived him of the consolation of looking forward to another state, where our feelings will be no longer sources of pain and sorrow. He had tasted the sweets of applause and admiration, till they had grown insipid; and he had a habit of analyzing all his feelings, till he reasoned away his pleasures; for there are few persons or things in this world, that will bear a very severe scrutiny. After the marriage of Julia, of whom

he had been a rejected admirer, he continued to live with her in habits of friendship and intimacy; though there was something not quite agreeable to him in seeing her devotedly attached to another. He would have been ashamed to confess, that he, who was no longer a young man, and who was considered as a philosopher, had ever experienced a sensation of this kind; and he was, perhaps, scarcely conscious of it. There is so wide a distinction between love and friendship, that he who has felt the one, will hardly ever be satisfied with the other, till he have brought himself into that state, when he is alike indifferent to both. While Mr. Mordaunt was conversing with Julia, he thought he was perfectly contented; but, when he observed her talking with nearly the same interest

to others, he felt dissatisfied. He saw her heart was so engrossed by her attachment to Mr. Arundel, that he was of little importance to her. When he was with her she seemed gratified; but when he left her, though she wished for his return, he was not necessary to her, and her happiness could not be affected by his absence.

After he had left London, and found himself alone, with scarcely a human being to speak to, he regretted he had not secured to himself a companion, in whose affection and society he might have been happy. He found that study, and the success which was the result of it, failed to make him so. The pursuits of learning, though they occupy our mind in a profitable and agreeable manner, subject us to much

dissatisfaction. Before we have engaged in them, we think the attainment of knowledge is nearly connected with that of happiness. Afterwards we find there is so much to be read, so much to be known, that we constantly feel dissatisfied with the degree of learning to which we have attained, while we see how large a portion is beyond our reach. Frequently the certain sacrifice of health is made to the uncertain acquisition of fame. And should even success crown our exertions, we find that, though this may gratify our vanity, it leaves "an aching void in the breast." The pleasures that arise from feeling and exciting affection, are those which alone can entirely satisfy and fill our heart. All others are imperfect and insufficient. Mr. Mordaunt experienced

this when it was too late; and there was nothing left for him, but to rest satisfied with the few sources of enjoyment he had provided for himself.

One evening Henry set out to pay him a visit, intending to spend the next day with him. He found him sitting in his study, looking over a work which he was preparing for the press. His countenance lighted up as he saw Henry enter; and he shook hands most cordially with him. "You are very kind," said he, "to visit a poor invalid. I have been so ill to-day, that I am but just come out of my bed-room; and this evening I fear I shall not be able to sit up late, which I regret very much, as we have not seen each other for a long time. But you must make me amends by remaining with me to-morrow."

"My dear sir," answered Henry, "I will willingly accept your invitation. I am grieved to see that your health is so indifferent."

"My young friend," said Mr. Mordaunt, with his usual equanimity, "bad health is almost the inseparable attendant of a life of study such as mine has been. Literary men must make up their account for these inconveniences. But," continued he, taking down a Review, "we have our reward; though perhaps not a very substantial one. Here is a review of a work, to which I did not put my name, which might have added weight to it; and I have the satisfaction to see it spoken of in the highest terms."

Henry read it with great interest. "How gratifying it must be to you,"

said he, "to have a work reviewed in so favorable a manner, of which you are not known to be the author, and whose intrinsic merit is therefore its only recommendation. Success of this kind must indeed be pleasing."

"I own it," replied Mr. Mordaunt, "and am above the affectation of pretending to despise it. Those who write for this Review, are men of the first talents in the kingdom; and their opinion has, and ought to have, great weight with the publick. If I had a friend amongst them, I would not condescend to make use of my interest with him, that a work of mine might be well received. This I should consider as a meanness; as it is saying, in other words, "You are a friend of mine; and therefore I have a right to expect you will bestow on my book

that praise, which it cannot obtain from others." Though it might be of some advantage when one's name is not known, I would never purchase it at such a price. The pleasure of seeing my work favorably reviewed, would be entirely destroyed by the thought, that the opinion expressed was not the unbiassed one of the writer, but the result of my request to a friend. When this is not the case, I confess I am not indifferent to the approbation bestowed on my works. Whatever other reason an author may choose to give for publishing a book, he has seldom any motive but the idea that he is going to distinguish himself, and to be brought into notice. Some think this is better accomplished in one way; some, in another. One man thinks it answers better to court the

favour of the publick; another, to pretend to despise it; but they all have the same object in view; except in cases when a man is compelled to write for money. It is a very laudable one; and too much so, to need concealment. I can scarcely bring myself to believe that, of the numerous publishers of books, there is one who would find it necessary to express his thoughts in writing, if he were cast on a desert island, with the certainty that he could never leave it; though many of them declare, that their works are the effusions of a genius that will not be controlled. Perhaps they are right to tell us so, as we should probably never suspect it by their writings. The men who affect to despise the publick opinion, and especially that of Reviewers, we generally find are those

who have smarted under their censure, and therefore pretend to be indifferent to it. Some time ago a person shewed me a long poem, wishing to have my opinion upon it, as it was written by himself. He was an old friend of mine, and therefore I advised him not to publish it. Though a very excellent man, I saw he was no poet. He, unfortunately, thought otherwise; and sent into the world a poem in fifteen cantos, to which he prefixed a preface, informing the publick that his work was written to beguile the hours under the pressure of affliction and sickness. It happened that during the time he was writing it, he had enjoyed an uninterrupted course of good health, and had been as free from sorrow, as from illness. But the deception was very harmless, for it deceived no one.

People read his preface; and remained convinced that his only motive for writing was to obtain a distinction, to which, unfortunately, his book did not entitle him. I do not mean that they read his poem, for few could say this: and he had the mortification to see it most severely handled by the Reviewers, who, probably, were the only persons who read it. Then he had nothing left to do, but to rail against the bad taste of the times, which prevented works of real merit from making their way; and to affect a contempt of that applause, which he had laboured in vain to obtain. He quoted the instance of Milton's Paradise Lost as a proof, that, in all ages, the most valuable compositions had been neglected; and he committed his cause to an enlightened posterity; which was the

safest measure he could adopt, as that was a tribunal to which it could never be subject, for it was already forgotten by every one but himself. For my own part, I am of opinion that the publick is more disposed to praise, than to censure; and the general disposition of the times is so favorable to literary men, that those whose works deserve admiration, may feel tolerably secure they will meet with it."

They conversed in this manner, till Mr. Mordaunt felt himself unable to sit up longer; and they both retired to rest.

CHAPTER VI.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.

CAMPBELL.

THE next day Mr. Mordaunt found himself better, and able to enjoy Henry's society. It was particularly agreeable to him. Perhaps the difference of age between them, instead of producing a contrary effect, rather added to the pleasure he received from his conversation. There was a warmth and ardour in Henry, that delighted him. The enthusiasm of his

character threw a bright colouring over every object; and, as he grew eloquent in unfolding to him his ideas, Mr. Mordaunt beheld him with that complacency with which we contemplate a beautiful prospect, while the evening sun gilds it with departing light. We know that soon these tints must fade away, and every object sink into dark night—and yet they are beautiful! Henry was in that season of life, when our feelings glow with the greatest ardour; and his were of the deepest kind. They had not yet been blunted by an intercourse with the world, and by the necessity of suiting them to the purposes of society. He beheld every object through the medium of an ardent imagination; and, therefore, no one could have less penetration into character. He had

not yet learned to detect deceit and affectation; for he never suspected their existence in others, conscious how devoid of them he was himself. Much of his time had been spent in the study of history, which draws a veil over the baser passions and petty interests of great men, and exposes them to us in all the magnanimity of exalted virtue. If this be not true, in how incredible a degree must the men and women of this age have degenerated! Henry admired their characters as they are painted in history; and his breast was filled with the wish of emulating them. These feelings have their usefulness: they give us a contempt of base and unworthy actions, and we become incapable of them. But they belong to a character not made for happiness, ac-

cording to the present constitution of things. At this time Henry was all hope, ardour, and enthusiasm. He looked forward to a life, which he imagined was to be made up of great and benevolent actions, and of all the enjoyments that virtue can bestow. He felt capable of the most ardent attachment; and he doubted not that he should meet with some object worthy to excite it. Any sacrifice for her sake he would delight to make, but this would not be required of him; nor could he imagine that any obstacle would impede his way to unalloyed happiness. These are romantick dreams indeed! Let a few years have passed over our heads, and they will have vanished "into air, into thin air." When we mix in society, we find every thing is there upon so con-

fined a scale, that all feelings, which have not for their object the advancement of our worldly interest, are considered as the mark of a romantick character. Our ideas must be cramped, that they may be suited to the ways of thinking of others; some must be concealed, if we would not excite the ridicule and contempt of those who have them not. It is a consciousness of this, that frequently impels persons of a reserved disposition, to treat with ridicule and derision, feelings which, in truth, they possess themselves, and admire in others. They are satirical because they cannot be sincere. In society we must be entertaining if we can; at all events we must be reasonable; and, with most people, this means that we must go with the stream, think as others think, and be

ashamed of feelings which we do not discover in those with whom we associate. And, in fact, this is the natural result of long intercourse with the world. We set out in life with the idea that we are to act and think for ourselves; that the opinion and conduct of others can never so influence our own as to betray us into actions which we think base and contemptible. But most of us soon find that we cannot remain quite independent of those with whom we live. The exalted feelings which we once were proud to possess, we grow ashamed of; we disguise them for a time; afterwards we gradually lose them. Yet, are they not the better part of our nature? Are they not those which have led to every great and noble ac-

tion? Do they not assure us that we are born for a higher state, where they will find objects suited to them? Here they certainly are of little use.

Mr. Mordaunt was a most benevolent man; and he had been so long accustomed to live with those, whom a thorough knowledge of the world, and of life as it really is, had rendered callous, that it refreshed his mind to converse with one whose expressions were the natural effusions of his heart, and to whom every thing as yet was new. When they differed, the warmth Henry shewed in argument, was tempered with so much amiable ingenuousness, that, notwithstanding he maintained his opinion with firmness, it was without any appearance of conceit; and Mr. Mordaunt, far from

being offended, was more pleased with him than he had been before the discussion began.

In the course of the day Mr. Mordaunt was obliged to retire for some hours into his own room, as the weak state of his health made him unequal to the least exertion. After dinner he felt revived, and was able to converse with Henry during the remainder of the evening.

"I regret," said he, "I have lost these hours, which I might have spent agreeably with you; but I suppose it would be useless to press you to prolong your visit, as you seem determined to go to London to-morrow."

"My dear sir," said Henry, "I am much gratified by your kindness, which I would willingly avail myself of, had

I not written to some of my friends to inform them that I shall be in London to-morrow. I am to be introduced to Mrs. Arundel. She is a friend of our family; and I have heard so much in her favour, that I am quite impatient to see her. I received a very kind message from her, through one of my friends, by which she invited me to dine with her to-morrow, that we might become acquainted. While you lived in London did you ever meet her?"

Mr. Mordaunt smiled: "I have met her frequently there and elsewhere before she married. You are not aware that this is rather a tender subject with me. I have long known, and admired Mrs. Arundel, as every one must who has the pleasure of knowing her. I

made her acquainted with my sentiments; but she preferred Mr. Arundel to me. I hope her preference may not have been bestowed upon an unworthy object; but, from all I have heard of him since I left London, I fear he has given way to the love of play, which was a passion of his before he married. I should indeed be sorry if this were true, as they will, sooner or later, inevitably be ruined. He has a foolish love of show and expense, which she in vain endeavours to repress. If her life should be an unhappy one, there is no woman who has a right to expect a happy lot; for a more perfect being cannot exist. I have lived a great deal with her since her marriage; and, at that time, he appeared fully sensible of her value."

"But, my dear sir," said Henry

warmly, "if you were so much attached to her, how could you endure to see her devoted to another?"

"I do not recollect," answered Mr. Mordaunt, "that I said I was so much attached to her; and, at the risk of losing your good opinion for ever, I must honestly confess that I have passed through life without being what is called desperately in love." Henry smiled incredulously. "I see you think I am boasting more than I have a right to do; but I can assure you this is the truth. I have seen some of my friends, when they have had a disappointment in love, for at least a week, in such a state that they have declared they could not endure to live. Now, I cannot say I have ever found the least difficulty in continuing to exist; though I will own I

have often regretted that I could not persuade Julia Hamilton to feel as I did. But, as I was unable to do this, I endeavoured to be contented with the portion of regard she was willing to bestow. I cannot say that Mr. Arundel is a man whom I should have supposed she would have fixed upon as her companion for life. But love is so capricious a feeling, that it is impossible to subject it to rules. We frequently see in the happiest marriages that the characters of the parties differ in almost every point; and, though it may be desirable that two persons, who are to spend their lives together, should have some similarity in their dispositions, when this is not the case, those inconveniences do not always follow, which might be expected. Love is so much more the

effect of fancy than of judgment, that the devoted attachment of a person possessed of every qualification to make a man or woman happy in marriage, will fail to produce that feeling of partiality, which a pleasing manner will excite after a month's acquaintance; even though the person be inferior in every respect. When I found that Miss Hamilton had married Mr. Arundel, I resolved that I would not deprive myself of her society; and, after I became acquainted with him, my evenings were generally spent at their house."

"I own," said Henry, "I cannot understand, if Mrs. Arundel be the delightful person you describe, how you can so easily make up your mind to your loss. Consider how happy you might have been; instead of

which, now you are . . . . ." He stopped.

"Pray go on; you are perfectly right; I know precisely what you were going to say; 'now you are a poor forlorn being, whom nobody cares for.'"

"No, my dear sir," answered Henry earnestly, "this is very far from what I meant to express. You must be loved and honoured by every one who knows you. I was only thinking you would be happier if you had formed some dearer connexions."

"I entirely agree with you in this opinion. Had I married Julia Hamilton, I should have been a better and a happier being. Her persuasive gentleness would have preserved me from many little failings, that have crept upon me unawares. My attachment

for her was founded upon the most reasonable grounds. I saw that, possessed as she was of beauty, accomplishments, and talents, which raised her above all other women, she was perfectly free from the little vanities which are supposed, perhaps unjustly, to be common to her sex. This opinion was not the delusion of love, but the decision of reason. At this distance of time, my judgment of her character is precisely the same that it was at the moment I offered to her the hand which she rejected; and, were I to live a thousand years, it would be unalterable. I will own to you, which, perhaps, may restore me in some degree to your good opinion, that sometimes, when, during the long winter evenings, I find myself alone in my study, spending hour after hour without speaking to any

human being, I consider; with no very enviable feelings, how different my life would have been, had Julia consented to share it with me. I believe you will find, when you have lived longer in the world, that there are few men who retain even this recollection of an object of former attachment. Every thing in a man's life is unfavorable to constancy in love. By the pursuits of various kinds in which men engage, their thoughts are drawn off to other objects; and love is with them but a very secondary one. They are continually in the habit of moving from one place to another; and this variety, and change of scene, is very conducive to a forgetfulness of those whom they do not wish to remember; which must be the case, when they think the preference they feel is not mutual. I will

not deny that, even under these circumstances, we see instances of the most persevering constancy in men. If a woman have a large fortune, time and absence have no power to change the sentiments of a man towards her; and he will pursue her for years, with the most admirable and unshaken fidelity. But this is a case that stands by itself; and the observation holds good in no other. "Love is the amusement of men; it is the occupation of women. In this respect they are, as in most others, subject to disadvantages to which we are not liable. The retired and sedentary lives which the generality of them lead, must make it difficult for them to throw off an attachment, when they have once formed it. Solitude has a tendency to perpetuate recollection and regret. Their situa-

tion does not, perhaps, permit them to fly to new scenes; and therefore they naturally dwell upon those that are past. Perhaps it is on this account, and that they may have some defence against a passion which is productive of so much more uneasiness to them than to us, that it has been decided by the common opinion of mankind, that all feelings of partiality should originate in us. For my own part, I am unable to discover, if two persons live together in habits of intimacy, and in the mutual interchange of those marks of regard which such an intercourse will necessarily produce, why it should not be as natural for the woman to attach herself to the man, as for the man to attach himself to the woman. This is, however, contrary to the opinion commonly re-

ceived; and therefore a woman will always be subject to a painful feeling of humiliation, if she be conscious of an attachment to one who does not return it. From all feelings of this kind we are free; and I am not ashamed to confess what mine once were for Julia."

"Indeed, Sir," answered Henry, "from all you tell me of Mrs. Arundel, I think you have reason to be proud of your attachment to her. I only wonder it was not mutual."

"As this was not the case, I endeavour to be satisfied with my situation, such as it is; though, perhaps, it may not be a very enjoyable one. All my views, all my pleasures, terminate in myself. When I am writing any work, I have no one to feel interested with me in its success. When I re-

joice that it has succeeded, I have no one to share in my satisfaction. All my pains, all my pleasures, are selfish. While I live, there is no one who is concerned for my happiness; and when I die, who will regret me?—But I am growing melancholy, and it is time we should separate. I beg you will let me hear from you; and before you go, let me give you one caution. Your health has always been indifferent. It is very easy, from your appearance, to see that you are far from being strong. The hours and the dissipation of London will try your constitution. Take care they do not ruin it. I am really much interested in your welfare: and therefore I give you this advice."

Henry thanked him for his kindness

in the warmest manner; they shook hands, and took leave of each other. The next morning, before Mr. Mordaunt was up, Henry set off for London.

CHAPTER VII.

Se scorge alcun che dal suo amor ritiri
L'alma, e i pensier per diffidenza affrene;
Gli apre un benigno riso, e in dolci giri
Volge le luci in lui liete e serene;
E così i pigri e timidi desiri
Sprona, ed affida la dubbiosa spene;
Ed infiammando le amorose voglie,
Sgombra quel gel che la paura accoglie.

IL TASSO.

THOUGH Henry had begun his journey at a very early hour, as London was more than a hundred miles distant from Mr. Mordaunt's house, he did not arrive there before eight o'clock. As soon as he had changed his dress, and taken rooms at an hotel, he went to Mr. Arundel's house. He found him alone with Julia, which was a very

rare occurrence, and just sitting down to dinner. "My dear Mr. Ponsonby," said Mrs. Arundel, giving her hand to him with the cordiality of an old friend, "though I have never had the pleasure of being introduced to you, I do not feel that you are a stranger; I have so frequently heard my father speak of you. You must forget that this is the first day of our acquaintance, as I intend to do." Henry was delighted with this reception; and assured her he should find no difficulty in doing so, for that it had long been his wish to become acquainted with one of whom he had heard so much. He was much pleased with Mr. Arundel's manner and appearance, which were very much in his favour; and he felt surprised that Mr. Mordaunt had not been more warm in his commendation of him. The dinner

was lively and pleasant. Julia inquired much after Mr. Mordaunt; and, with the warmth of a long standing friendship, she expressed her regret that the bad state of his health had obliged him to leave London, and had deprived her of his society, which was so agreeable to her. Henry informed her that he had been spending some days at his house, before he left the country; and that she had engrossed a large share of their conversation. "I am glad to find," said she, "that he has not forgotten me. Pray tell him when you see him, that I often think with regret of the many pleasant conversations we have had together."

Julia had purposely avoided having any company at dinner, that she might more easily make acquaintance with Henry; and she wished to converse

with him upon many subjects which interested her. She expected a large party in the evening; and she informed him she intended to have some musick, as Lady Matilda Sydney, whom she had invited, had promised to sing. "I advise you to take care of your heart," said Mr. Arundel, "for Lady Matilda is, beyond comparison, the handsomest woman in London. She is a young widow, with a jointure of two thousand a year. She deserves it; for she married a most disagreeable man, who was old and ugly. Her father was a very poor Irish earl; and, as he had a large family, he persuaded his daughter to accept an offer of marriage which was made to her by Sir John Sydney, a man of large fortune. After their marriage they went abroad; and he

died while they were in Italy. She is just returned to England; and we were introduced to her a few days ago. I never saw so lovely a woman. I am told she is about four and twenty, and spends six times as much money as she has. So I suppose she will soon provide herself with a second husband, who may be able to defray her expenses as well as the first."

"I think," answered Henry, "you have given me information that will steel my heart. There must be something so base and sordid in the character of a young person who sells herself for money, that I shall find it difficult to get over the impression this has given me against her."

"Oh, you are much too severe upon Lady Matilda. If you mean to

quarrel with all the women who marry, or intend to marry, for money and situation, there are not ten in London whom you will speak to. The fashion of falling in love with poor men has long been exploded here, if it ever existed. But when you have seen Lady Matilda, I shall hear you talk with much more indulgence of the numerous class of women who marry for money. However, you must beware of her; for I should doubt, from what I have heard of that lady, that your fortune would be adequate to her wishes, should you be inclined, as I dare say you will, to offer it to 'the base and sordid woman,' after you have spoken to her twice."

Henry laughed at Mr. Arundel's prophecy; and soon after Mrs. Arundel had left the room, he was informed

by him that he was going to his club, and that he should leave him to entertain Mrs. Arundel till her company arrived. "I shall join you again in the course of the evening; but I have been of late in the habit of going to this club; and I cannot disappoint a party I am to meet there to-night. So you will excuse me for a few hours." Saying this, he took his hat, and went out of the house. Henry joined Mrs. Arundel in the drawing-room; and they soon conversed upon many intimate subjects. He had heard his father speak so frequently of the affection he had entertained for Mrs. Arundel ever since she was a child, that he felt a wish to touch upon that subject. Julia saw this; and, with great tenderness, spoke of the love

and respect she had always preserved for Mr. Ponsonby, although her marriage had prevented her visiting him with her father, as she had wished to do.

The mention of Mr. Ponsonby's name entirely overcame Henry; and for some time his tears would not allow him to speak. When he had recovered himself, he recounted the circumstances relating to his father's death; and dwelt with enthusiastick affection upon his faultless character. Julia listened to him with the most compassionate attention. There was so much tenderness and delicacy in her nature, that she peculiarly understood how to handle the feelings of those who were suffering under any affliction. The interest with which she

seemed to share his sorrow, soothed his agitated mind. It would not be possible to endure life, if we were perpetually harassing ourselves by recalling the virtues of those we have lost, and the affection they entertained for us, which renders their loss so bitter. All these reflections unhinge our mind, when they must terminate in the certainty that we shall see them no more. Yet there is something dreadful in the thought that all memory of them is to be banished, and their name never again to be mentioned. Henry felt this; and it relieved him to have given way to a sorrow he had long confined to his own breast; for Julia had known and loved his father.

Soon after he left her, promising to return in a short time.

Julia and Henry were mutually pleased with each other. He was delighted with the beauty of her countenance, and with the amiable vivacity of her manner. She had laid aside all the formality of a new acquaintance, and had entered into his feelings, as if they had known each other for years. She was very much struck with him, for his appearance was singularly prepossessing, and his manner and countenance at once shewed the goodness of his heart. As he is now preparing to be introduced into the gay world, it is necessary to describe those qualifications of mind and person, which seemed to promise him a favorable reception.

His countenance and manner were varied by as many changes as there

were different and opposite qualities in his character. At one time, he was the life and soul of every company. Then, the most sparkling animation lighted up his countenance; and his eye beamed with vivid light. He seemed buoyant with spirits, joy, and happiness; yet the mild gentleness of his manner so tempered his vivacity, that it was delightful to every one. He had a flow of words, and an eloquence of expression, that gave an interest to every subject, however trifling, as soon as he touched upon it. Genius and feeling shone throughout his conversation; and every sentiment he uttered, was the dictate of the noblest heart. It seemed that he lived but to give and to feel delight. At another time, his whole character

appeared changed. His spirits had vanished: he was thoughtful, silent, and pensive. An air of melancholy and languor hung over him. This was partly occasioned by a natural dejection of spirits, to which he had at times been subject all his life; and partly by the weakness of his health and constitution. Perhaps he was never so interesting as at these moments, when some secret grief seemed to weigh upon his heart, which all who saw him wished to share. This very remarkable alteration, which sometimes a few hours produced in his whole manner and countenance, threw an air of mystery over his character, which piqued curiosity, and excited interest. There was a want of vigour in his form, the consequence of indif-

ferent health, which seemed to indicate, it was a fabrick more beautiful, than lasting. This thought awakened in the breast of all who saw him a painful interest; and the pensive melancholy, which at times chased from his countenance every trace of brilliant animation, rendered him singularly attractive. His whole appearance then forcibly recalled these beautiful lines:

——————— * "Upon his youthful mien,
A mild but sad intelligence was seen:
Courage was on his open brow, yet care
Seem'd like a wand'ring shade to linger there;
And though his eye shone, as the eagle's, bright,
It beam'd with humid melancholy light."

During his absence, many sad thoughts filled Julia's soul. Some unpleasant circumstances had vexed

* The Missionary.

and harassed her mind of late. Mr. Arundel's vanity and love of show had considerably injured his fortune. His system was one that must lead to certain ruin. He had a wish of gratifying his own taste, and that of others. He had horses and dogs, because he was fond of hunting; and he had a very expensive collection of books and pictures, because other people liked them. The same vanity influenced him in his conduct towards Mrs. Arundel. Scarcely a day passed without his bringing her some expensive trinket. Affection was not so much his motive in doing this, as the wish he had that she should be thought to dress better than other women. Julia secretly regretted that so much money should be thrown away; but she could not bring herself to re-

press his kind generosity by remonstrances, which would have been ill timed at such a moment. Sometimes she ventured to suggest the propriety of a retrenchment in their expensive way of living; but her advice was so ill received, that she felt fearful, if she persevered in giving it, she should lose his affection, without producing any other effect. She was perfectly right in her conjecture. Mr. Arundel had been in the habit of giving way to every passion, and inclination of the moment, before his marriage. At that time he was devoted to gaming; and had lost a large sum of money at play. Since then, he had been drawn off from his destructive habits; but they were gradually creeping upon him again. Ten years had he now been married; and they had not passed over him in

vain. His attachment to Julia had suffered a considerable diminution. He had loved her because she was beautiful: he still loved her, because she was still beautiful, but he loved her less, because he was grown accustomed to her beauty, and therefore it had no longer the same power over him. Now, if she said any thing which displeased him, he answered her sharply; and though afterwards he was sorry for it, and would tell her so, this did not prevent a frequent recurrence of the same harshness. This change in his manner towards her, affected Julia more deeply than the fear of impending ruin; and her spirits had for some time been very much depressed. She had two little girls, one of three years old, and the other a baby, who had been born about a

month. She was herself hardly recovered from her confinement; and was still weak and languid. During that time Mr. Arundel had frequented one of the gaming clubs, and had resumed his former love of play. This had come to Julia's knowledge, who determined to use all her influence to persuade him to relinquish it. In this attempt she had entirely failed; and he answered her, when she spoke upon the subject, with so much severity and impatience, that she was compelled to be silent. The only resource left to her was to endeavour to make his home so pleasant, that the attractions which drew him to the club might lose their power. This was her reason for having invited a large party, when she was scarcely well enough to undergo the fatigue of it without much

inconvenience. She was, therefore, not a little disappointed, when she found he was gone as usual to his club, and had left her to entertain the company she had invited only on his account. However, he had promised to return early; and with this expectation she endeavoured to quiet her mind, which was full of uneasiness.

Late in the evening the carriages began to roll in numbers towards Mr. Arundel's house; and a brilliant party was assembled. The rooms were spacious, and furnished in the most expensive manner, with every convenience and ornament which art could supply. After most of the company had arrived, the name of Lady Matilda Sydney was announced. All eyes were instantly turned towards the door. Some had seen her; and

every one had heard of her beauty, which was indeed transcendent. She was of a middling size, rather tall than short. Her form was modelled in the utmost perfection; every motion was grace and elegance. Her complexion was of a beautiful fairness, animated by a suffusion of the most delicate colour. Her eyes were blue, and emitted their bright rays through long dark eye-lashes. Her hair was of a shining brown, and waved over her forehead in beautiful ringlets. The deep red of her lips formed a striking contrast to the whiteness of her teeth, when she spoke or smiled. There was a fascination that was irresistible in the sweet low tones of her voice, and in the archness of her countenance, while smiles and dimples played around her mouth. An air of unassuming gentle-

ness pervaded all her actions; and while she seemed to woo the favour of all to whom she spoke, she received their admiration with a grateful smile, as an effect of their kind benevolence, not as the tribute due to her charms. After Mrs. Arundel had spoken to her for some time, she recalled to her the promise she had given that she would sing. When she had made the accustomed objections, by which women think they enhance the pleasure their accomplishments afford, while, in truth, they destroy it, she suffered herself to be persuaded, and was led to the harp. As her fingers flew lightly over the strings, and she poured forth the liquid notes of her voice in wild and mournful measures, all might have thought her a being of a superior order, not made to live with men and women.

" Hark! how from yonder rocky cliff
" Moans the loud tempest's sullen roar!
" Hark! how the lashing surge resounds,
" Along that wild deserted shore!

" Oh lady! seek some shelt'ring cave,
" And lay that lovely form at rest:
" The blast sighs through thy raven hair;
" The rain-drop chills thy panting breast."

She stopp'd; the voice of pity then
Perchance some tender thought awoke;
A milder sadness cross'd her brow—
In mournful accents thus she spoke—

" In vain for peace, in vain for rest,
" This breaking heart would heav'n implore:
" His bark is wreck'd—his eye is clos'd—
" And we have met—to meet no more!

" Yes, yes, a strange, prophetick thought
" Then whisper'd, 'twas a last farewell;
" E'en while, with fond, persuasive art,
" He strove each anxious doubt to quell."

" 'Tis not that eye of jetty black,
" Which binds this constant heart to thee;
" But love's sweet smile, that, beaming there,
" Oft tells me—thou canst love but me.

" That thought shall sooth my lonely hours,
" When far away, in distant clime,—
" And lead me back once more to thee,
" Unchill'd by age—unchang'd by time."

" And shall another win that smile?
" Another dry this burning tear?
" And shall this fickle heart forget
" Its love for one, so fond, so dear.

" Oh! cheerless rolls the dark, blue wave,
" O'er him, who lov'd this faded form;
" And far beneath the wint'ry surge,
" He feels no cold—he hears no storm.

" Yet I can view his magick smile,
" Though shrouded now in endless night;
" Recall his eye's soft sparkling ray,
" Though death has quench'd that heav'nly light.

" The rain beats round my aching head—
" It cannot cool this burning brain!
" The wind blows o'er my bosom bare—
" It cannot lull this throbbing pain!"

Reason, one moment, lent her light—
For ever, then, that light withdrew!
With frantick shriek, with hurried step,
Towards the rocks she wildly flew.

And as she climb'd the craggy steep,
And wav'd her pointing hand on high,
In sweet, in mournful tones, she sung
Responsive to the sea-bird's cry.

" Row, row thy bark—the storm is past—
" The moon now sheds her clear, cold light—
" The wind is hush'd—the wave is smooth—
" And ev'ry star is shining bright.

" And while I press thy faithful breast,
" And feel thy tear upon my cheek,
" I'll brave, with thee, the billow's rage;
" *There* peace and rest, for ever, seek!"

When she had ended this ballad, she received the applause of all around her with a downcast smile, as if she were conscious that she did not deserve it, and felt grateful for their kindness in bestowing it.

" Then came wand'ring by a shadow like an angel." " Who is that young man, whose countenance is so interesting?" said Lady Matilda to

Mrs. Arundel, as her eyes rested upon Henry, who had come into the room just as she began her song; and who, in one of his pensive moods, was leaning his head against the window, looking as if his thoughts were turned to some object far away, and had no share in the scene before him.

"That gentleman is Mr. Ponsonby," answered Mrs. Arundel. "If you wish it, I will introduce him to you." The word "Ponsonby" sufficiently shewed that he was not of that unhappy race of people, who go by the appellation of "those whom nobody knows;" and Lady Matilda expressed her wish to make acquaintance with him. Julia beckoned to him; and when he came up, and she introduced him to Lady Matilda, a faint blush crossed his cheek, which had the ap-

pearance not of awkward shyness, but of a pleasing diffidence. He sat down near her; and, in a short time, he felt perfectly at his ease. Independently of her beauty, Lady Matilda had a manner peculiarly adapted to strike the fancy and engage the hearts of men. It was a kind of playful coquetry, which attracted them, and drew them on imperceptibly beyond the point at which they had intended to stop. With this, there was an appearance in her of gentle weakness, which seemed to sue for their protection, and rest upon them for support; and this, in so lovely a woman, was a powerful attraction. There was the most striking difference in her manner to men and women; and she was much more calculated to please the former than the latter. Those women who

are most attractive to men, are generally those who are least so to their own sex. Many women accused Lady Matilda of coquetry and affectation. All men thought her enchanting; and placed this to the score of envy and jealousy. This is frequently suspected of women who are entirely free from these hateful passions. They are, in truth, much better judges of their own sex than men can be. They are more acquainted with the little coquettish arts by which many of them seek to please, and are therefore better able to see through them. Men are fascinated by them, and think they are the effect of an artless vivacity, which will not permit her in whom they see them, to disguise any of her thoughts and feelings; while women frequently are well aware that they

are the result of mature reflection and design. At present, Lady Matilda was so little known in London, that no judgment had been formed of her by any one. Her real character will display itself hereafter. Now, it will suffice to say, that Henry had not conversed with her half an hour, before he was convinced that her only motive for marrying Sir John Sydney was to save her father and family from ruin. And who but must honour a woman capable of such a sacrifice? When he was first introduced to her, the admiration which her charms excited, prevented his immediately entering into conversation with her. But very quickly the encouragement she gave him put his timidity to flight; and he exerted all his powers to please. He had never felt so supremely happy, and thought

he trod on enchanted ground, while this most fascinating being, during the remainder of the evening, was devoted to him, and seemed to have no wish but to please and amuse him. In truth, Lady Matilda had never met with a person, whose manner, conversation, and appearance, interested her so much. When the party broke up, Henry led her to her carriage. She told him where she lived, and desired he would call upon her, which he most readily promised to do. He then retired to his lodging, in the happiest frame of mind, to think over the events of the evening.

CHAPTER VIII.

How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse!

THOMSON.

DURING this time Julia had been in a state of most anxious suspense. Every moment she turned her eyes towards the door, expecting to see Mr. Arundel enter. It was very evident to all present that something disquieted her, though she endeavoured, by smiles, to hide an aching heart. The party had assembled and dispersed; still Arundel came not. Three, four, five o'clock struck; and he did not return. Julia

had twice sent a servant with a note to him, entreating him to come home; and he returned hasty answers, that he would be with her immediately; yet he did not appear. It had never happened to him, since he frequented this club, to remain there to so late an hour. Julia's uneasiness had now risen to the highest pitch; and, ordering her servant to follow, she resolved to go to him herself, thinking, though messages were of no avail, he could not refuse to return home with her.

It was a cold February morning; and, as she walked along, the drizzling rain beat into her face. Every one who passed, stared at her in stupid astonishment. The gaming-house was at a very short distance; and when she arrived there, she sent in to Mr. Arundel, and waited in the passage

till he should come to her. While she stood there, countenances of the most horrible expression were continually presented to her, as the votaries of play, one after another, were leaving the house. The faces of some were deformed by a malicious grin of triumph, as they departed laden with the spoils of their victims. Despair and irretrievable ruin stamped the features of others with a wild expression of agony. They knew no distinction of day and night. They lived but for rapine and plunder. Julia shuddered as they passed. They saw her not. Intent only upon what they had won or lost, they looked neither to the right or left. A mild distress was painted on her lovely countenance. She seemed a blessed spirit, who had strayed into the regions of infernal night. Sud-

denly Arundel ran by her. The livid marks of rage and despair distorted his face. With a mind racked by every horrible passion, he would have rushed uncalled into another world. Who was the gentle being that stood between him and everlasting perdition? Julia caught his arm. "Leave me, leave me," exclaimed he, in a tone of fury. "Go back to your father. I am totally, irrecoverably ruined!" and he endeavoured to disengage himself from her grasp. "Never, never shall you force me from you. Oh Arundel! have I deserved this?" and, as she spoke, she clung convulsively to him. The exertion of mind and body was too powerful for her; she broke a blood-vessel, and fell instantly from him, with a face covered with blood.

As she lay panting for breath, and almost choked with the blood that gushed in torrents from her mouth, Arundel hung over her in a state bordering upon madness. "I have killed her, I have killed her!" said he furiously; "it does not signify—all will be over soon!"

One of the waiters had run for a physician, who now came in, and, with considerable difficulty, at length succeeded in stopping the effusion of blood. "Sir," said he, in a determined voice, to Arundel, who was striking his forehead with his clenched fist; "if you do not wish to render her recovery impossible, you must control yourself, and not give way to these bursts of passion." The scene was most affecting. Even the waiters, whose hearts had grown callous by the

constant habit of witnessing acute distress, were moved; and muttered among themselves, "it's a great shame; it's a great shame; he's killed her, that's certain; the poor lady will die."

At length Julia was conveyed home in the carriage of the physician; and Arundel followed, in a state of mind impossible to describe. As soon as she reached her house she was carried up stairs, and laid upon the bed. After she had taken an opiate, and was fallen asleep, the physician left the room, promising to return in a few hours. He went down stairs to Mr. Arundel, who was impatiently waiting to hear some account of Julia, and charged him not to agitate her, when she awoke, by the expression of his distress, but to assume as much calmness as he could command; as her recovery

entirely depended upon her being kept quiet. Having said this, he left the house; and Arundel continued pacing up and down the room, exclaiming in a tone of anguish, "Oh! that I could recall the hours that are passed!" Well might he say this. One night had swallowed up more than half his fortune. He had found himself with a set of desperate men, who exulted in the rich prey that was offered to them. They enticed him to engage in play at a much higher stake than he had ever ventured before. As he found himself losing, he doubled and trebled his bets; and when he saw large sums of money wrested from him by the harpies who surrounded him, his rage knew no bounds, and he was drawn on to risk his last guinea to redeem them. He ended by losing sixty thou-

sand pounds. He knew that this was to him irrecoverable ruin. How could he break to Julia that he had stripped her of every farthing? With the selfishness that actuated him in everything, rather than submit to the pain and humiliation of such an avowal, he resolved to inflict upon her a much more severe blow, and at once to rid himself of his existence. He thought not of her distress; he cared but for his own; and had she not forcibly withheld him, the deed had been perpetrated that would have parted them for ever.

When Julia awoke, she found herself refreshed by a sleep, which had lasted some hours. Every nerve had been shaken, and she was scarcely able to speak or move. But the agitation of her mind would not permit her to

think of the state of her body, which rendered her unfit for any exertion, and she immediately sent her maid to desire Mr. Arundel would come to her. As he came into the presence of the woman he had so much injured, whose health and prospects he had alike destroyed, the most painful feeling of remorse and shame prevented his approaching her. "Dear Arundel," said she, in an inarticulate voice, as she extended to him the hand she had scarcely power to raise, "I can be happy any where with you; in a cottage, in a palace, it is all the same to me. Only say that you love me as you once did, and I want nothing more. We shall be as happy as we ever were, if you will suffer me to make you so." As he forcibly pressed her hand in his, and told her that he had never loved

her as he then did, he felt that it was true. While he gazed upon that face, once so animated, now of a death-like paleness, save where the marks of unwashen blood still stained it, and heard the sweet tones of a voice scarcely audible, that soothed him with the gentlest affection; he thought how tender must be that love, which could chase from her mind all sense of her own situation, all remembrance of the injuries she had received, and leave her no wish but to calm and comfort him! Could there exist a man so callous as to be insensible to a love like this? It had the happiest effect upon Mr. Arundel. For a time he almost forgot his misfortunes, and thought only of making her all the reparation in his power, by every mark of attention. He nursed her day and night

during her illness, which lasted three weeks. He would not suffer any other person to give her the medicines prescribed for her; and he spent many hours in the day reading to her. The revival of a love she had thought almost extinguished, was so delightful to Julia's feelings, that she repined at no affliction which had been the means of producing it. Arundel had not been aware that Julia had noticed the decline of his attachment to her, though he himself was perfectly conscious of it. When he had shewn her coldness and ill temper, she had not complained, or resented it in any way; and when he returned to her with smiles, she had received him with her usual kindness and affection. Hence he concluded she was perfectly satisfied. Very different was this from the truth. When

she had fancied she saw in him a growing indifference towards her, she had resolved not to harass him with reproaches, which, if undeserved, were unnecessary; if merited, would only force from him professions of an affection he did not feel. She had therefore endeavoured, by every engaging attention, to win back the regard, which she feared she had lost; and had not expressed her doubts to him. Now, she was certain they had been unreasonable; and the idea that she had injured him by unjust suspicions, increased her tenderness for him. The loss of his affection would have been so much more bitter than any other, that, now she was freed from all apprehensions of this, she felt happier than she had been for months. This time, spent in illness and bodily

suffering, restored her to peace. She retained no recollection of his former coldness; and felt no resentment at his late unworthy conduct. She saw that his attention to her was unremitted; and she received it with enthusiastick gratitude. This was for her the last gleam of happiness—and soon it vanished.

When Julia was able to exert herself sufficiently to examine the state of Mr. Arundel's affairs, she found they were indeed desperate. As soon as it was known that he had lost an immense sum of money, bills poured in from every quarter. Notwithstanding her continual remonstrances, he had persisted in every kind of expense; and her endeavours to obviate, in some measure, the effects of his extrava-

gance, by strict economy in all that regarded herself, were of no avail, while he continued to indulge in every expensive taste. After his gaming debts were paid, so much money remained due to tradesmen, that a compromise with them could alone save him from a prison. This was agreed upon, after he had stripped himself of every farthing, and Julia had given up to the creditors the money that had been settled upon her, and all her jewels and articles of dress. Had she not done this, their demands so far exceeded his ability to pay, that they would instantly have thrown him into prison. All his valuable pictures and books were sold; and the house was completely dismantled.

The exertion which remorse had in-

duced Arundel to make, was of short duration. With the cowardice of a little mind, he shrunk from the endurance of misfortunes he had drawn upon himself; and while he gave way to his feelings of sorrow, without an effort to control them, and remained in a state of inaction, he left the whole burthen of settling his affairs to Julia. Unequal as she was to such a task, from the broken state of her health and spirits, she exerted all her fortitude to fulfil it. After she had succeeded in satisfying the creditors, the most painful office still remained for her to perform. This was to write to her father, to lay open to him the ruin of their fortune, and to entreat that his home might be their's. These were the only means of existence left to

them. When Julia married, Mr. Hamilton gave her five thousand pounds as part of her fortune; and he reserved for himself an income of a thousand a year, which he thought would be amply sufficient for an old man like him, whose wishes were of the most moderate kind. Since that time, by a heavy loss he sustained from the breaking of a bank, his income had been reduced to six hundred a year. He had been obliged to sell his house in the north; and he now lived at Clanmore, a very small residence he had at no great distance from London, where the Arundels had spent the first month after their marriage. He had been for some time on a visit to a friend, who lived in Devonshire; and was just returned home. Mr. Arundel had

written to him frequent accounts of Julia during her illness, but had made no mention of the cause of it. Since she had recovered she had not written to him, for she could not bring herself to deceive him, and she had not yet summoned up sufficient fortitude to break to him the truth. The time was now come, when it was absolutely necessary to do so. She sat down to write to him, and tore letter after letter, unable to satisfy herself with what she had written. She wept bitterly when she thought that all Arundel's errors would be known to him; that she must be the person to disclose them, and to beseech her father, for her sake, to suffer, in his old age, all the privations of poverty and distress. Her hand trembled violently; she tried in vain to steady it; and at last resolved

to give herself one day's respite, and to defer writing till the next day.

While this was passing in London, a friend of Mr. Hamilton's went from thence, to spend a day with him at Clanmore. From him he became acquainted with the whole transaction. What a blow to a father, whose thoughts, hopes, and wishes, were all bound up in this darling child! The account of the scene in the gaming-house, of Julia's illness, and subsequent heroick conduct, was all related to him with accuracy, and without exaggeration. The poor old man wept like a child, when he thought of all his Julia had suffered. What were his feelings towards the author of her afflictions! He longed to have her with him, that he might shield and protect her. The narrowness of his

circumstances never crossed his mind as an objection. But the thought of living in the same house with Mr. Arundel was hateful to him. To propose to Julia to part from him, he knew would be useless; and would only add to her distress. He must, therefore, receive him as an inmate. Now, the reason of her long silence was evident. He knew the delicacy of her mind; that she would have the most painful reluctance to propose to him a plan of their living together; that, in the present reduced state of his income, she would consider herself as an incumbrance. He could not bear the thought that she should have a feeling of this kind in regard to him; and he instantly sent her this letter:

"My blessed child,

"Your old father, who has never known a day's happiness since you left him, beseeches you to return to him? I shall once more live for you; and we will never again separate. Your dear little children will be an amusement for my old age; and we will assist each other in giving them instruction. Do not refuse a request I make in the fulness of a heart that overflows with love for you; and let me bless you before I die. I am willing to receive Mr. Arundel.

Your most affectionate father,

JAMES HAMILTON."

This letter arrived on the day Julia had determined to write. The warmth of her father's affection for her, which every word in his letter powerfully shewed, touched her to the soul; and

she blotted the lines as she read them with torrents of tears. She communicated this letter to Mr. Arundel. He returned it to her after he had read it, saying, "Well, this makes it all easy." The coldness of this observation upon a kindness which affected her so deeply, hurt her very much. However, she said nothing; and left the room to answer it. The little he said of Mr. Arundel convinced her he had been made acquainted with every particular of his conduct. She knew not how to justify it in any degree; yet she wished to do so. She answered the letter in the following words:

"My dearest father,

"I will not hurt you by expressing all I feel for your kindness. You know your child's heart, that it is not a hard

and ungrateful one. How happy shall I be to live once more with you, and to bring back those peaceful days we passed together, when your paternal love shielded me from every care! Mr. Arundel has suffered severely. His grief and remorse have been at times so violent, that I have feared for his health. But we will endeavour by kindness and affection to reconcile him to the losses he has sustained. Certainly he has been imprudent; but the powerful temptations that surrounded him on all sides, are surely some excuse for the errors he so deeply deplores. I blame myself for not having used my influence with him to alter our way of living, which I knew was too expensive for our means. But it is useless to lament any errors I may have been guilty of; and I will only

now look with hope to the future. I can never sufficiently do justice to the love and attention he shewed me during my illness. Will not this plead for him with you? As you so kindly express your anxiety for our arrival, we will not delay it. In two days I shall have the happiness of embracing you.

I am, my dearest father,

Your most attached

and grateful child,

JULIA ARUNDEL."

This letter was written with the hope of softening her father's feelings towards Mr. Arundel. She had endeavoured to throw upon herself part of the blame, which she felt conscious he alone deserved. By doing so she did not succeed in blinding Mr, Hamilton

to the truth. He knew her too well to be deceived in this point.

Nothing now remained but to pack up the few things left to them, and to give up their house. Hereafter Julia knew it would be necessary to practise the strictest economy. She must be a nurse to her children, for they had now no other. She did not shrink from this office. Though accustomed to have numerous attendants, she submitted to the change without a murmur. Before her illness she had nursed her baby; and since her recovery she had willingly resumed this charge, though her weak state of health rendered it a great exertion. The little Julia was of an age to amuse her by her childish prattle; and she promised herself much pleasure in instructing

her. Arundel had sunk into a sullen despondency, from which she in vain strove to rouse him. Selfishness in him was so predominant, that, instead of exerting himself for her sake, he thought only of his own grievances. Two days after the receipt of the letter they left London.

CHAPTER IX.

So have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece: but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

As the carriage drove up the long avenue which led to the house, the distant lights glimmered through the trees. Every other object was dark and dreary. The deep snow lay upon the ground; the rain and sleet beat violently against the windows. Julia pressed her child closer to her bosom,

to keep it from the chilling air. Arundel was silent and gloomy. He dreaded the sight of Mr. Hamilton; he feared his reproaches, while he felt how much he deserved them. These fears were groundless. Julia's letter had been received by Mr. Hamilton; and, from the expressions contained in it, he saw that her affection for Mr. Arundel had survived every shock, and was still undiminished. He felt that, if he would not add to the weight of sorrows almost too grievous to be endured, he must stifle his resentment, and receive Arundel without reproach.

The old man had come to the door to welcome their arrival. As he folded in his arms the pale, emaciated form of Julia, his heart rose within him. He said nothing; but when Arundel extended his hand to him, he placed his

in his bosom. Julia, the pride and delight of his heart, returned to him ruined in health and fortune—he could not shake hands with him.

The next day Julia established herself in the apartment her father had prepared for her. It was small; but he had made it look very comfortable, by means of some books, and a small piano-forte, that had belonged to Julia before she married. Her time was spent in working for her children, reading to her father, and endeavouring to dispel the gloom that hung over Arundel. He was fond of musick; and in the long evenings she would sing and play to him. One smile of approbation from him, gave her then more pleasure, than she had ever received from the applause of a crowded assembly. Yet, notwithstanding her

anxiety to conceal her dejection, it was evident she affected a cheerfulness she did not feel; that her constant thought was to endeavour to *appear* happy; but that she was not so. Her health, which had been injured materially, rather declined than improved; and her father saw plainly, that all her vital faculties were sapped. The old man had not suffered less; and, in the last month, he had grown ten years older. A constant melancholy hung over him. He spoke little; and would sit for hours looking silently into the fire, sighing bitterly. When he saw Julia dressed in a coarse gown, busily employed making clothes for herself and her children, though he could not but admire the cheerful resignation with which she submitted to a situation she had been so little accustomed to, his

paternal feelings were hurt. He had always had an affectionate pride in seeing her elegantly dressed; and he felt the change with a weakness very excusable in such a father. All this affected Mr. Arundel in a very different manner. Julia's endeavours to erase from his mind the memory of his misconduct, succeeded so entirely, that he seemed to have lost all consciousness of it. With it, he had likewise lost the remembrance of the devoted love she had shewn him on that occasion; and the ardent affection that it had rekindled at the time in his bosom, no longer remained there. The change which bad health, and other circumstances, had produced in Julia's appearance, gradually weakened an attachment founded entirely upon his admiration of her personal charms. He esteemed,

he respected her; but he had ceased to love her. Julia perceived it not; she would not see it; and when the increased coldness of his manner was too evident to pass unnoticed, she attributed it to a depression of spirits, the consequence of a change in his situation; and, while she blamed herself for not making sufficient allowance for his altered temper, she left nothing undone that could tend to please and amuse him. Since she had been made acquainted with the ruin of his fortune, she had never suffered one word of reproach to escape her lips. She seemed to exist but to comfort and sooth him; and, though she found her health give way more and more under the pressure of anguish and disappointment, she uttered no complaint. This was love indeed! Yet Arundel felt it not. He

had not a heart to know its value. Her father perceived a growing indifference in Mr. Arundel towards her. He knew how strong was her attachment to him; that, while she retained his love, she could not be completely miserable; and the thought that even this support was giving way, stung him to madness. Yet the case admitted not of remedy. Reproaches could never rekindle love: and he saw clearly that Mr. Arundel's for Julia was gone—past all redemption gone.

There was then nothing left for him but to endeavour to keep up Julia's blindness. The time must too surely come when she would see every thing in its true light. But why hasten such a moment? Yet, with all his efforts, from the increased tenderness of his manner, mingled with compassion, Ju-

lia might have suspected that some unknown misfortune hung over her, had she not tried to deceive herself. Sometimes he would stand near her, as she was rocking her child's cradle, and say, with tears in his eyes, "God bless thee, dear child—*I* cannot help thee!" She could not be satisfied with Mr. Arundel's conduct; yet she still clung to the idea that he loved her. It was all that was left to her; and she would not give it up. Mr. Hamilton could scarcely command himself; and nothing but the idea that it would be a death-blow to his daughter would have prevented him from ordering Mr. Arundel instantly to quit his house. This fear kept him silent; yet, sometimes, his feelings were too powerful, and would break forth. One day, when Julia left the

room, Mr. Arundel remarked that he had never seen any person so altered in such a short space of time. "Mr. Arundel," said he sternly, "when I gave you Julia's hand, she was all animation, health, and beauty. What has withered her form? What has faded her cheek?" Tears choked his utterance; and he sobbed aloud.

The distress of this venerable man affected Arundel for the moment. He felt that it was he who had brought this once happy father to the state of wretchedness in which he now saw him; and he determined, for the future, to be more kind and attentive in his conduct towards Julia. The change in his manner which this resolution produced, served to keep up the illusion she still retained as to his sentiments for her; and she had been of

late so little accustomed to receive the least mark of regard from him, that the slightest attentions, a kind word or look, were felt by her with a degree of gratitude very disproportionate to the cause.

This alteration of conduct was, however, of short duration; and the restraint Mr. Hamilton's presence imposed upon him, at length grew so irksome, that he determined to pay a visit to a gentleman who had invited him to his house some time before. Julia heard of his intention with pleasure. It had always been her habit to promote any scheme for his amusement, whether she were to take part in it, or not. Her love for him was so devoid of selfishness, that as long as she retained his affection, she was sufficiently happy if he were amused;

and never wished to engross him, or to prevent his enjoying pleasures, in which she could not partake. She now told him she was rejoiced at the thought of his having some relaxation; as she was sure he must find their present confined way of living very unsuited to his taste.

Accordingly he left home; and soon forgot all his cares in the amusements of hunting, billiards, and cards. He felt as if he had recovered his liberty; and seldom, or never, thought of Julia. In the mean time, to her the hours moved slowly and heavily along. Day after day she expected a letter from Arundel; and day after day she was disappointed. Towards the evening, which was the time the post came in, her spirits rose with the expectation that *that* day would bring her a letter.

She calculated the days, the weeks, he had been gone; and was convinced each day that her anxiety would be at an end, and that she should hear from him. When the servant brought in the letter bag, she seized it with an eagerness that almost prevented her opening it. The newspaper was there; but no letters. She looked again and again; still there was nothing; and her spirits sunk for the remainder of the evening. Besides her own desire to hear from him, she could not bear that her father should see how entirely he neglected her; and this feeling sharpened her disappointment. At first he had been in the daily habit of asking her if she had heard from Mr. Arundel. Julia felt distressed as she answered "no;" and added, as usual,

that "she was sure she should receive a letter the next day." At length he desisted from making inquiries, which he knew she could not wish to answer.

Mr. Arundel returned home after an absence of six weeks; during which time, he had not once written to Julia. The gentleman with whom he had been staying, was gone to London; and the party was broken up. Nothing could be less agreeable to him than the idea of seeing her. He was ashamed of his neglect; yet he had no wish to make her any reparation. He knew she would not complain, that he should hear no reproaches; but this did not contribute to make him more comfortable; on the contrary, the admiration he was compelled to feel for her rather irri-

tated him. He had married the woman of his choice, a person to whom he had once been devotedly attached, with whom any man might have been happy. How had he treated her? How had he thrown away his own happiness? These thoughts occupied him as he came towards the house, and clouded his brow with gloom and discontent. Mr. Hamilton was distant and reserved. Julia, as usual, was all gentleness and affection. As he walked into the room he coldly shook hands with her; and accounted for his silence by having been constantly engaged in company and amusements, which prevented his finding time to write. He received no answer to this attempt at an apology; there was nothing to be said about it; and it passed off.

Another and another month came and went. Julia grew more and more dejected as Arundel's indifference increased. Mr. Hamilton's health gradually declined. For some time they had observed that Mr. Arundel frequently went from home; and, when he returned, he was silent and thoughtful. Julia was not of a jealous disposition: and when he shortly told her he had been visiting one of the gentlemen who lived in the neighbourhood, she was satisfied that it was true. Mr. Hamilton was not so convinced of this. He knew that most of his neighbours were plain country gentlemen, of small fortune and of regular domestic habits, who were not likely to be very agreeable to Arundel. He and Julia so seldom saw any one, that it would be easy to deceive

them on this point; and he resolved to ascertain the truth.

In the mean time Julia shewed symptoms of illness, which increased so rapidly that in the course of two days she was unable to sit up. Fever came on, and she grew light-headed. In the moments of delirium she reproached Arundel bitterly for his unkindness; entreated him not to kill her; and repeated his name in tones of terror and despair. Where was he all this time? not endeavouring to quiet the ravings of illness, or to soften her pain by kindness and affection; no—while he spent his hours with the unworthy object who now possessed his fickle heart, he left Julia to the care of her father; and he could suffer this old man, more than seventy years of age, to watch day and night by the

couch of his daughter, without choosing to share his fatigues, or to submit to the dulness of a sick room.

After some days Julia's senses returned, and with them her feeling of pain and sorrow. She found that her father was her only nurse; that Mr. Arundel was frequently absent; and, when at home, only came into her room to inquire how she was, and then left her. Julia dearly loved her father; and the sight of his altered looks (for he was completely worn out by his attendance upon her) hurt her very much. When she saw how little attention Arundel paid him, how little regard he shewed to his age and infirmities; that neglect, which, shewn to herself, had not succeeded in detaching her in any degree from him, produced a powerful effect; and her af-

fection for him suffered a severe shock. This illness opened her eyes; and she saw, for the first time, that Arundel's heart was lost to her for ever. She wondered she had not seen it sooner. When she remembered his conduct to her in her former illness; how soothing his kindness, how unremitted his attention—it was too painful; she shrunk from the comparison; and endeavoured to think of him no more.

As she recovered, her father grew weaker and weaker. His health was now so impaired, that the sight of her improved looks could not restore it. He died—and left Julia an orphan, and alone.

His fortune, which by losses had been reduced to six hundred pounds a year, he left to Julia. He had tied it up from Mr. Arundel, who was thus left

dependent upon her, as he had spent all his own fortune. This soured his temper still more; and, instead of trying by tenderness and affection to stanch the wound her father's death had left in her heart, he irritated her sorrow by constant inattention and moroseness. He seemed determined to shew her the full extent of her loss, and to make her feel she was indeed friendless and deserted.

CHAPTER X.

O Primavera, gioventù dell' anno,
Bella madre di fiori,
D'erbe novelle e di novelli amori:
Tu torni ben, ma teco
Non tornano i sereni
E fortunati dì delle mie gioje.
Tu torni ben, tu torni,
Ma teco altro non torna
Che del perduto mio caro tesoro
La rimembranza misera e dolente.

Il. Guarini.

It was now that season of the year, when every object in nature is gay and lovely. Though the house at Clanmore was small, it was a beautiful spot. Trees and flowering shrubs surrounded it on all sides. The garden was filled with flowers; and a pellucid little stream

ran through it, overhung with alders, whose branches were washed by the sparkling water. Here there was a rustic arbour, which had formerly been a favorite retreat of Julia's; but now she avoided it, and never sat there. This residence recalled to her mind many past scenes; the peaceful days of her childhood; the happier days of her youth. Here she had lived till she was twelve years of age: and here she had spent a month immediately after her marriage. What painful recollections were these now become! Her father was dead. Arundel had forsaken her. He still lived in the same house; but his thoughts, his affections, were far removed from her. She still saw him; but he was changed, totally and entirely changed. His manner to her was that of cold, distant

acquaintance, except when its authoritative severity shewed that he still remembered he was her husband. What could have produced so striking an alteration in him? She tried in vain to trace it to some fault of her own, some inadvertent neglect which had detached him from her, and of which she had not been conscious. She could not recollect one instance of inattention to him; for her life had been spent in endeavouring to make him happy. We often see a woman capable of noble proofs of attachment upon great occasions, who yet will chill the affections of her husband by ill temper, or by a neglect of those minute little attentions, which, in the daily intercourse of married life, must so frequently be required of her. Julia could not reproach herself with any

omissions of this kind. However trifling the circumstance might be in itself, if it in the least degree affected his comfort, she no longer considered it so. Her conduct, in this respect, was as exemplary as it had been when he announced to her the ruin in which he had involved her. The true cause of the change in his sentiments never occurred to her. She had seldom bestowed a thought upon her beauty, when it was at its height; and had never valued it as an object of great importance. She had not been aware that Arundel's attachment to her was entirely founded on the admiration it had excited in him; and now that it was faded, she did not attribute the indifference he shewed her, to its decay. Had he spoken the truth, he would have said, "When I married

you, you were beautiful; therefore I loved you. For some years I continued to do so; not because I found in you the most affectionate wife, and that I saw your whole heart was filled with the wish of promoting my happiness; but because I saw that others admired you, and I still admired you myself. Since the time when my misconduct involved us in utter ruin, and the violence of my fury affected you so dreadfully, that you will never again enjoy a day's health, your beauty has gradually declined; therefore I throw you off." This, in a few words, would have contained the whole history of his feelings towards her. His conduct wounded her so deeply, that she was now incapable of exertion. When Arundel returned, after any of his fre-

quent excursions from home, she no longer attempted to appear cheerful;

> * "But her alter'd face,
> Bearing its deadly sorrow character'd,
> Came to him like a ghost, which in the grave
> Could find no rest!"

When he spoke harshly to her, she answered him only by dissolving into tears. This intense grief preyed upon a frame that had been weakened by severe illness; and a kind of slow fever hung constantly upon her. She seldom spoke; and the innocent prattle of her little girl, instead of delighting her as it used to do, harassed her mind, which was a prey to anguish and disappointment. If she attempted to read, her thoughts wandered from

* Southey's Roderick.

the book to her own situation. All that wish of instruction, which she had once possessed in a remarkable degree, was gone. How could her mind retain its energy, its desire of improvement, when every thought, every feeling, was pain? No one cared for her; no one was interested in any thing she said or did. What motive, then, could prompt her to exertion? The revival of the beauties of nature, which a long winter had kept back, sharpened her affliction. Her faded form alone, then, no change of seasons could revive. She sickened at the sight of the glorious sun, and darkened her room that his beams might not shine upon her.

One day Mr. Arundel went from home, saying he should be absent till the next morning. She made him no

answer; and did not ask where he was going. The weather was hot and oppressive. In the evening Julia felt so languid, that she walked into the garden to breathe the fresh air. She went towards the arbour; and, sitting down there, she indulged in that kind of musing, to which the stillness of the evening naturally inclines the mind. The flowers varied with every brilliant colour, the sweet perfume they exhaled to the evening breeze, the cheerful singing of the birds, who exulted in the enjoyment of air and liberty, filled her with the most painful sensations. Every animate and inanimate object seemed gay and flourishing. She alone was wretched. The scene before her reminded her of past events. She recalled the professions of attachment, which Arundel had so repeatedly

made to her in this spot. Ten years had since elapsed. He had forgotten them all; and a torturing remembrance of them alone remained to her. How could he inflict such acute suffering on one, who was once so dear to him! He could not, surely, be aware how deeply his neglect wounded her. Was his heart indeed lost to her for ever; and was it not possible to regain it? These thoughts irritated her beyond endurance. She resolved to let him know all she felt for him, all he made her suffer; and, if this failed to soften his heart, she would then cast off for ever an attachment so replete with bitterness. She knew that, by doing this, she was throwing herself upon his compassion; yet there was no alternative, but either to submit to this, or to be satisfied that they should

live together upon their present footing. This was impossible, while there remained a hope of escaping from a state of so much wretchedness.

There are some men, and men of not very strong feelings, who, rather than inflict severe pain upon one who is attached to them, have been induced to profess more than they felt. But Arundel was not one of these. Some time before Julia's illness, he had formed, not an attachment, (for it could not deserve the name,) but a connexion with a person of more than doubtful character, who lived in the neighbourhood. To her his time, and the little money he possessed, had been devoted; while Julia lay in a state between life and death. She recovered contrary to his expectations, perhaps to his wishes; and his affections, though

not bestowed on the person who occupied his attention for the present moment, were so completely estranged, that his being dependent upon her for the very means of existence, alone prevented his proposing a separation. No recollection of former attachment, no consideration of the agony he would inflict upon her, would have deterred him from this measure. But he had not one farthing of his own; and he could not desire her to divide her fortune with him, that they might be enabled to part. This would have been too gross an insult; and one which, he supposed, would only kindle resentment in her breast, and not accomplish the object he had in view. He had nothing therefore to do, but to make his wishes known to her by his conduct; and,

since her father's death, it had been one continued course of oppression, which her gentleness only could have submitted to. His harshness and brutality increased in proportion to the forbearance she shewed; and he did not attempt to disguise his feelings, which were no longer those of indifference, but of dislike.

Of all this Julia had no suspicion; and, when she had revolved in her mind every resource that was left to her, she determined to take the first opportunity of having an explanation with him. After she had resolved upon this, she grew more calm. When she remembered how ardent his attachment to her had once been, she could not believe that it was totally extinguished. She thought she would

now rouse every latent spark of love, which had so long lain dormant in his breast; and she might yet be happy. When she left the arbour and returned to the house, she retired to rest with a mind so quieted, that she slept more peaceably than she had done for months.

The next day Mr. Arundel returned. Since they had lived at Clanmore, though Julia had felt every day more and more dissatisfied with his behaviour to her, she had never appeared to notice it; but had endeavoured, by forbearance, to effect a change in it. As he walked into the room without speaking, her heart sunk within her at the thought of what she now had to say to him. For some time she sat silently looking at him, without having courage to speak. At length

she rose up; and, placing her hand on his, she said, while tears strayed down her pallid cheek, "Arundel, why do you look so coldly upon me? Why will you not speak to me?"—He pushed her hand away, and answered sullenly, "I don't know what you mean: I look just as I always do."—"That is true, indeed, now; but not as you used to do. Oh Arundel! what has changed you? If I have offended you, only tell me so, that I may implore your pardon. Whatever I may have done, you have punished me severely. For weeks, for months, you have frowned upon me, as if I were an object of disgust to you. Oh, then, at last forgive me, and take me from this state of torture! Do not harden your heart against me, for I have no friend left but you; and, if you forsake me,

where can I turn for protection?" She threw herself at his feet, and bathed his hands with her tears. Breathes there a man whose heart would suffer him to resist such an appeal? Yes, there are many; and Arundel was one.—"Come, come," said he, raising her up, "this is quite childish. Pray let me have no more of these scenes."

"And yet you loved me once! Can you see me writhing under the pain you inflict upon me, nor yet relent? My health is destroyed by your ill treatment. I cannot live in this state. Your cold neglect is too much for a poor weak creature, such as I am now. Will you see me expire before you, and not say one kind word to me?"

"Really, Julia, I don't know what is the matter with you. I must beg to hear no more complaining. You

may depend it will have no effect upon me; nor will it induce me to make hypocritical professions."

The cold brutality of this avowal worked up Julia's feelings to the highest pitch of agony. "Say no more, say no more, Arundel; you have put the last stroke to the injuries I have suffered from you. All your former treatment, your neglect, your harshness, your violence, was kindness and affection compared to this. If my father were alive, you would not dare to treat me thus. But you know I am a poor, friendless creature."—She wrung her hands, and wept as if her heart would break. Arundel walked out of the room, and flung the door after him with a violence that made her tremble. He did not appear during the remainder of the day; and Julia sat

for hours with her head resting upon her hands, giving way to the anguish she could no longer control.

"This, then," thought she; "is the end of all my hopes. All is over between us. Nothing now remains to me but my children. I must tear him from my heart, if I would live for them. But how can I forget him, while I continue under the same roof? Must we then part? That is a dreadful thought! Yet, have I not overlooked all his cruel usage, and stooped to implore his forgiveness? Did I not beseech him to restore me that love I could not live without?—and he spurned me from him! Then, there is nothing more to be done; and, if I would ever know a moment's peace, we must part." She continued thinking, and shedding torrents of tears, till

the pain in her head would not allow her to sit up, and she went to bed. Here her thoughts pursued her, and would not suffer her to close her aching eyes. The darkness of the night, the sullen stillness of those hours when all are buried in deep repose, irritates and sharpens every affliction. In the day-time we seem to breathe more freely. The sight of moving objects, the activity we see in those around us, must, in some degree, draw us from our own thoughts. But they become terrific when the night surrenders us up to their uncontrolled power. Every other creature enjoys the sweets of tranquil sleep; their thoughts are lost in peaceful oblivion—but ours will not suffer us to rest. Julia found herself unable to lie down; and sat upon her bed the greater part of the night, a prey to the

most painful reflections: Towards the morning she fell asleep; but frightful dreams disturbed her, and she soon awoke. This is the moment when grief is most poignant. Before our thoughts have recovered their power, we lie in a state between waking and sleeping; yet a confused remembrance that some misfortune hangs over us, steals upon our mind. We endeavour not to ascertain what it is; to chase it away, and sleep again; but in vain. It forces itself upon us; and we awake to a full consciousness of our situation.

CHAPTER XI.

Quando lo stral spezzai,
Confesso il mio rossore,
Spezzar m'intesi il core,
Mi parve di morir.
Ma per uscir di guai,
Per non vedersi oppresso,
Per racquistar se stesso,
Tutto si può soffrir.

Il Metestasio.

When Julia arose, she found herself scarcely able to stand. Her whole frame was shattered by the dreadful scene of the preceding day. Her eyes were sunk into her head; and she had cried so violently, that she could hardly speak. She was now completely exhausted, and could not shed another tear. She resolved, however, to go

down to breakfast, and to summon up all her fortitude to meet Arundel with composure. When she came into the room she did not find him there; and the servant informed her he had breakfasted early, and was gone out. She then opened a letter that lay upon the table, directed to her.. It contained these words, in a feigned hand:

" While you are cheerfully submitting to privations you have not been used to, and suffering the inconveniences of a very confined income, Mr. Arundel is throwing away all the money he can strip you of upon a worthless wretch. Be advised by one who knows and admires your character, and do not submit to be the victim of his unprincipled conduct. Resolve to part from him; but do not

share your income with him; and let him receive the punishment of his folly and extravagance.

Your unknown Friend."

Jealousy is the most baneful passion that racks the human heart. It is that which gives us a foreknowledge of the torments of the damned. All other feelings compared to this, are mild and gentle. Julia had drunk of the cup of misery almost to the dregs; but this curse had been withheld. Now it was let down upon her. She felt as if an adder had fixed its sting in her heart—in vain she strove to tear it out; it clung more closely to her, and drank her vital blood. Arundel had treated her with neglect and violence. She had known grief and sorrow. But these were not her feelings

now. Despair and rage filled her gentle bosom; and she seemed, for the first time, to learn what it was to suffer; to fathom the lowest depth of anguish the human heart contains. Now, then, all his conduct was explained. While she was dying, he had been devoted to another. This was the reason he shunned her, while her father wasted his days and nights in nursing her. This was the reason he was continually making demands upon her for money, and accusing her of selfish extravagance, while she denied herself almost the necessaries of life. All was now evident. How abject must she have appeared to him, kneeling at his feet to ask his forgiveness, while he was conscious how deep were her injuries! Beyond a certain point,

tenderness is weakness; and submission becomes folly. She no longer hesitated to part from him. The agitation of her mind would not suffer her to sit down; and she paced up and down the room, breaking forth into reproaches, as if he were before her. She longed for his return, that she might command him with a dry eye to leave her for ever. But this she knew was what he wished. It would rejoice his soul when she told him she would no longer live with him. She had not, then, power to inflict one moment's pain on his hard, impenetrable heart; but, at least, she would shew him that she had broken her fetters. She would not shed one tear, she would not suffer her voice to falter, when she spoke to him for the last time. Never

again would she be betrayed into the expression of that love, which, till now, had seemed part of her very existence. She would be cold, hard, insensible, as himself. She heard a ringing at the gate; and her frame was almost convulsed, as she saw him walking towards the house: But her fortitude did not forsake her. Pride and indignation swelled her heart, and banished every gentler feeling.

"Mr. Arundel," said she, in a firm tone of voice, as he seated himself in the chair opposite to her, "I desire you will read this letter, which I received this morning. Its contents will show you we must meet no more. Do not attempt to deny the assertion it contains. Do not stoop to cowardly subterfuge, which can no longer deceive me."

"I have not the slightest wish," answered he, "to deny the truth of one word contained in that letter. You are perfectly welcome to act upon it as you please. But you will recollect, that you must restore to me that share of your father's fortune which he so unjustly deprived me of. Only on these terms will I consent to a separation."

"How could I ever love one so base, so despicable! Even at this moment all your thoughts are engrossed by your selfish interests. Your own feelings will not suffer you to understand mine; or you would not think it necessary to extort a subsistence from me by threats. My fortune is six hundred a year. Take half of it; and with the rest my children and I may yet be happy, when you have left us

in peace. I cannot manage this business; you must take care to have it settled as you wish. It will be best for us both that you leave me as soon as possible.—But let us not part with enmity. If I have spoken to you with anger, consider it as the effect of a mind exasperated by repeated injuries; which I now from my soul forgive you. May you be contented when I am removed out of your sight, and enjoy that happiness without me, which, while we lived together, I have in vain endeavoured to bestow upon you! And now, may God bless you!—and let us never meet again. As she spoke these words, a confused dizziness came over her eyes; and she almost fainted. Arundel instantly left the room, eager to put an end to a conversation very irksome to

him, and to make final arrangements for a separation which, for months, had been the object of his wishes. He gave orders to the servant that his clothes should be packed up, and sent to him in London. He then mounted his horse, and rode off.

Julia heard the sound of the door as it shut him out for ever. She heard the trampling of his horse as he rode away; and soon, she heard it no more. Every step he took parted them farther asunder. She would meet him no more in this world. Though she were to live for years, she never would see him again. These are thoughts which rack the stoutest hearts; and her's was of the gentlest mould. The hour of parting revealed to her the strength of her attachment. She had not shrunk from it. She had

herself struck the blow that severed them for ever. But now that it was done; that all was over; who would support her under so hard a trial? Who would speak comfort to her, and bid her be at peace? A deep silence reigned throughout the house. She was alone; she shuddered to look into her own mind; but whither could she fly to drown her thoughts, and lose the sense of pain? Till we are called upon to part from those we love, we can never know how dear they are to us. Perhaps we rejoice at their presence. Perhaps we think we should be very unhappy if we were deprived of it. But what are these feelings compared to those we find in our heart when they are about to leave us? If to that pain be added the necessity of concealing it,

of talking on indifferent topics, of affecting cheerfulness, while our heart is full of affliction—then, parting is indeed dreadful!

The effort Julia had made to assume composure, when she announced her intention to Mr. Arundel, had so violent an effect upon her nerves, that she could scarcely breathe. In vain she tried to relieve herself by giving vent to her feelings: she could not shed a tear. Her little girl, who had amused herself with seeing Arundel mount his horse, unconscious that he was preparing to leave her for ever, ran into the room; and when she saw Julia sitting pale and motionless on the sofa, she threw her arms round her neck, and said, stroking her cheeks with her little hands, "Dear mama, don't look so unhappy; papa will be

coming back to you soon." The innocence of the child, who knew not that her father had deserted them both, but, seeing something had vexed her, tried its little arts of consolation, affected her so much, that she burst into a flood of tears. The child, frightened at the vehemence of her distress, began to cry; and as she pressed it to her breaking heart, and tried to pacify it, she felt how dear it was to her; and resolved to live for the blessings she still retained. She was relieved by the tears she had shed; and, in a few days, became capable of exertion. She resumed her former occupations: her time and thoughts were engrossed by her children; and she suffered herself to receive comfort from their innocent caresses. Earthly hopes had faded away; but those which alone are not

perishable, shed their healing influence, and blunted the edge of affliction. She checked the rising sigh; and bowed in meek submission to Him, " who can wipe away the tear from all eyes; and bind up the broken-hearted for ever."

In the mean time Arundel had settled the business relative to the terms of the separation; nor did he blush to divide the income of her whom he had abandoned. When he had done this, thinking that he could live more at his ease abroad than at home upon three hundred a year, he determined to go to Italy. He procured from one of his friends a letter of recommendation to the Count d'Orsino, a nobleman who lived at Pisa. This gentleman did not mention any circumstances relating to his history;

and merely stated that he should feel much obliged to the count for any civility he would shew him. Mr. Arundel found himself in a very different situation in London from the one he had been accustomed to, when his house was filled with company of every description. The change was so irksome to him, that he hastened to leave England; and soon sailed for Italy.

END OF VOL. I.

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